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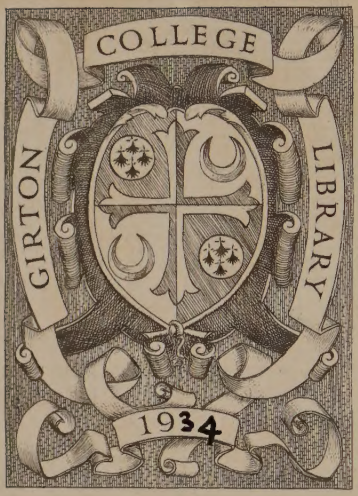

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THE USE OF PHILOSOPHY

The Use of Philosophy

CALIFORNIAN ADDRESSES

BY

JOHN H. MUIRHEAD

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"They have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!"

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AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO

MY COLLEAGUES, STUDENTS AND FRIENDS

IN BERKELEY AND LOS ANGELES

CALIFORNIA

FOREWORD

THE lectures and addresses which follow were given on various occasions during the two and a half years' residence in Berkeley which I have had the good fortune to enjoy as Lecturer in Philosophy on the Mills Foundation in the University of California. They fall into two main sections, dealing respectively with the meaning and general place of Philosophy as a subject of study and with the application of its leading conceptions to different departments of modern life, and more particularly to society and politics. To these I have added the substance of two short talks in a somewhat different vein, which were addressed to fellow-countrymen, gathering, as is their wont, in a Scottish Society on distant shores, and are designed for strictly Scottish consumption.

In giving them this form, I wish to take the opportunity of offering my thanks first to the Administration, which by its renewed invitations has enabled me to prolong my residence in such congenial surroundings; secondly, to the members of the Department of Philosophy, who have received me from the first as one of themselves and made me feel at home in a circle resembling rather that of an intimate and harmonious family than a group of academic colleagues; thirdly, to

the members of the Faculty in its many departments, whose acquaintance, and in many cases whose friendship, it has been my privilege to enjoy for so long; finally, to the numerous friends in the city of Berkeley who have opened their homes to my wife and myself and lavished innumerable kindnesses upon us.

The book falls far short of what I should like it to be, but it has, at least, the merit of being a sincere attempt to state in outline on the subjects discussed the general conclusions which I have myself reached during a fairly long life devoted to little else. If what I have said in it succeeds in giving to the younger generation of students some fraction of the same kind of help that I myself received from my own teachers in Glasgow and Oxford, whose leading ideas it is only a modest attempt to develop and apply in a new and more complex environment, it will be some justification for any lack of modesty in publishing it.

I have to thank the Editors of *The Spokesman*, *The Personalist*, *The Philosophical Review*, *The University of California Chronicle* for permission to reprint I, II, III, and VII.

JOHN H. MUIRHEAD

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

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THE USE OF PHILOSOPHY[1]

I

WHY EVERYBODY NEEDS A PHILOSOPHY

THE title of this address reads too like a tradesman's advertisement about goods (dry goods, I am afraid) which I am hawking about on behalf of some enterprising firm that deals in them, and is prepared to tell the public what it really wants and where the genuine article is to be found. I wish, therefore, at the outset to state that I represent no firm or syndicate other than myself, and further that so far from being ready to supply other people's demands in this particular article, I am extremely doubtful whether I can supply my own. What I am quite clear about is the pressingness of the need of having them supplied both in my own case and in the case of others.

Let me begin by trying to state what I mean by "a philosophy," and in the first place what I do *not* mean. I do not mean the kind of thing that you can pick up from any college text-book. I am far from despising text-books; I once wrote one myself. Still less do I

[1] Given over KGO, at the General Electric Station in Oakland.

despise the great systems of which text-books in philosophy tell us. But there is a confusing variety of these systems, and as they all seem to get on very well without one another, there seems no reason why you and I should not get on very well without any of them, or, for the matter of that, without any philosophy at all. But it is just this last proposition that I am here to deny. It does not follow that, because you have no use for a ready-made philosophy, you have no use for any at all.

For what is it that I *do* mean by the word? I mean that which, in spite of their differences, all these systems have in common—the *aim*, or as we might say the *idea*, of them. And what, you ask, is that? The word itself does not give us much help. "Philosophy" does not, like the other arts and sciences, history, geography, biology (what not), carry its meaning on its face or wear its heart upon its sleeve. That is why heathen and profane persons, like the late Judge Charles Bowen, could ridicule it as having no meaning at all and being like "looking in a dark room for a black hat which isn't there." In my own heathen days I once defined it as "saying what everybody knows in language which nobody can understand." The name, indeed, begins well by telling us that it is a "love" or a search; but it ends by leaving us where we were before, for the end of it merely means a kind of special knowledge or way of understanding, and it is just this special way of understanding that we are looking for. But while the word

may not help us, the use of it in ordinary language may. We speak of an "unphilosophical" and a "philosophical" way of dealing with a subject or a situation—according as we merely try to remember something we have been told about it, or apply some general principle to it and try to see it constructively in the light that is thus supplied. It has been the general defect of education in the past, of which we are becoming acutely conscious (at least in other people's systems of education), that they have been *un*philosophical in this sense: they have mistaken mere knowledge for understanding, mere "learning" in a subject for training of the mind to find its own way about in it.

What is true of particular subjects or situations in life is true of life as a whole. There is the knowledge of life that a man has who has travelled much, met all sorts and conditions of men, dipped into life in all its forms, seen and been fascinated by its seamy side and got an impression withal of its littleness. He is the sort of man who is apt to fancy himself as "a knowing hand." He knows "what's what" as well as "who's who." Yet a man may have all this and have very little true understanding of life. He may have a knowing hand but be without a knowing heart and a knowing mind. For he may, and usually does, lack one thing—any true idea of the meaning of it all, any single, consistent point of view from which he can "see life steadily and see it whole," its greatness as well as its littleness, its

right as well as its seamy side. Yet we all know that there have been and are men who have what this kind of man lacks. It is not that they know more than other people (though they may very well do that, without knowing very much), but that they hold what they know in a different way. They have reached through their own thought and experience what the Germans call a "Weltanschauung," a view of the world and man's place in it which necessarily reflects itself in all they think and say and do, and makes them in a subtle way different from other people, however little they think of the difference or give themselves any credit for it.

It is that kind of knowledge and understanding that I mean by philosophy, and I may make my meaning clearer if I go on to note that such knowledge, best expressed perhaps by the old word "wisdom," has two sides, like the shield to which it is sometimes compared —opposite yet complementary to each other. On the one hand a "philosophical" view implies a certain readiness to accept the world as it is. The philosopher is not in a hurry to quarrel with what he finds there, with what people call fact, or with his bread and butter. But this is only half the story. The philosopher, I have said, is the man who tries to see the whole, and "the whole" is a large order. It includes the tendencies as well as the actualities of things and, of the tendencies, the deeper and more permanent as well as the more superficial and temporary. No wonder that Socrates (perhaps

still the best example of the philosopher in the sense of which I am speaking) defined him as "the spectator of all time and all existence," and that Shakespeare was able to see the potential philosopher in all men, and defined man himself as a being "of large discourse, looking before and after." Philosophy looks not only at what man is at present, but at what he may be (because he has it in him to be) in the future. For this last surely is part of the whole and (to beings like ourselves, who have not only ideas of the things we have and do and are, but ideals of the things we should like to have and do and be) surely the important part. For it is by these ideals that we judge our ideas to discover wherein they come short of the "large discourse" of which Bacon speaks. This is why philosophy, besides teaching us acquiescence in facts, teaches us also discontent with them. The students of literature will remember that Mathew Arnold defined poetry as "criticism of life." Whether this is a good definition of poetry or not I must leave to them to decide. But it is a good definition of philosophy—none better. Philosophy is a criticism of life—it searches and tries its parts by the test of their relation to that fuller and completer life which every man at his best point would live. I might quote Socrates again here. One of his great sayings was that "the uncriticized life" (that is, the life that has no self-searching philosophy in it) "is a life which no man would care

to live." And the reason is that it is left a prey to irrelevancies, inconsistencies, half-heartednesses, let alone duplicities and total distortions, that make it the merest fragment and caricature of the whole or *integer* that it was intended to be.

But if all this be true, "How," you will ask, "is it that people have in general been so long content to be without this inestimable gift you speak of? It surely should not have been confined to a few choice spirits. The philosopher in everybody should be born, not made—or if not exactly that, philosophy should by this time have been a common property. But as we find nothing of this kind, and the world has got along fairly well without one, the only conclusion seems to be that you are speaking through your hat and that all this is mere high-browed nonsense."

In reply I would ask you not to be too sure about people not having had a philosophy. You remember M. Jourdain in Molière's play, who, when people began to speak to him about prose-composition, was surprised to discover that he had been talking prose all his life. It may be the same with philosophy. Generations of men may have had a philosophy, and been in a sense living on it, without knowing it. And it requires only a moment's reflection to see that this is the precise state of the case. Men can no more live without a philosophy than they can live without the atmosphere which surrounds them. It is not, indeed,

something that is born with man. He has to make it. What is born with him is the sense of some wholeness and greatness in things, call this sense what you will, mysticism, superstition, religion. The last is the best. I know, indeed, no better definition of religion than man's feeling and reaction to the idea of the great all-encompassing, all-penetrating whole to which he belongs. But man is intelligence as well as feeling, and this drives him to seek to understand the object of this sense. That is why wherever there is religion (and wherever there is man there is this at the core of him) there is necessarily a philosophy. The trouble is that, as the philosophy is a thing of the head (a kind of understanding, as we have seen), it is apt to change as knowledge changes. Old forms of it decay, new ones have to take their place. While, therefore, we need no new religion, there are times when we need new statements of the object of it.

Just such a time is that in which we are at present living. Our parents, or if not our parents our grandparents, had a philosophy of the world and of man's place in it which they profoundly believed and which gave a certain unity and wholeness, a certain dignity, often a great grace and beauty, to their lives. I am not going to argue as to whether it was a true and sufficient one. I believe that there were certain great and true things in it which the world cannot afford to lose. What seems to one plain matter of fact to-day is that

their philosophy is no longer believed as it used to be. The growth of knowledge, the new intercourse of one part of the world with another, the opening up of great vistas of time in man's past and future history, of great vistas of space in his outlook upon the heavens, the rise of new interests, the extension of "this freedom" of thought and practice, that the novelist tells us of, all these have changed the world for us. It has been said (and I can well believe it) that there has been a greater spiritual change between the world of 1870 (the year I myself went to college) and the world of to-day than between the Middle Ages and the mid-Victorianism of that date. We have been hearing on my side of the Atlantic of the "growing unrest," economic, political, moral, religious; and, though perhaps it takes a different form, I see everywhere evidence of the same thing on your side. There are those who try to shut their eyes to it or to gloss it over with Coué-like phrases, crying "peace, peace, where there is no peace." But it is there all the same and is the most significant fact of our time. Its sources are such things as I have mentioned, bringing with them the destruction of the older philosophy. After some of your great earthquakes, I am told, men have wakened up to find themselves in a new world, in which old landmarks, homes, businesses, churches, have been removed, in which they can no longer find their bearings and have to sit down with a strange dizziness in their heads. So it is in the things of

the mind to-day. The present generation has wakened to a new world in which it can no longer orient itself—find its true East—or link its ideas with the past. There were signs of all this before the Great War. The war has only served to bring it to the surface. But the war has come and gone to little purpose if it has not done more, and shown us the danger our whole civilization was running from the loss of the older convictions as to the meaning of life and the relative values of things. Much has been written as to the cause of the war. We do not come within sight of the real cause till we see that it was being prepared for secretly in the hearts of Western men and nations for half a century and more by the confusion into which men's minds were being thrown by the loss of old ways of thinking and therewith of any effective criticism of the direction in which things, left to themselves, were moving.

You will now see why I lay so much stress on the need of a philosophy in the sense I have explained. The whole future of civilization seems to me to depend on finding a true one to take the place of the old, that no longer holds possession of men's minds and hearts. You will see too how, to my mind, there is something religious about the question. It reminds one of what the New Testament says about "the one thing needful," the "treasure hid in a field," the "goodly pearl," for which an age, like an individual, might well be willing to sell all that it has, if so be it might buy it.

As I said at the beginning, I am not here to tell you of such a philosophy. Like all the best things in life it is something that cannot be given, but that each has to find for himself. I am here merely to state my conviction of the need of everybody to find one. If it cannot perhaps be said with confidence that "he that seeketh findeth" (though I think the chances are all that way), it can be said that there will be no finding without seeking. Yet there are one or two things that an old hand in the business of seeking may perhaps be able to say in the few minutes that are left, and which may be a help to others, partly by way of warning, partly of encouragement.

1. There are those who will tell you that I am sending you on a wild-goose chase. There is no true philosophy to be found. We simply do not know what human life is, what it means as a whole, and it is no use talking about it. The only true way of picturing life is under the old allegory of a bird that flies out of the darkness into a lighted chamber, and, after circling there blindly for a few minutes, disappears into the darkness again. I do not know how far this kind of anti-philosophy has taken hold in America. It is less common and less confident, I think, in Europe to-day than it was half a century ago. I would merely say to you, Don't be in too great a hurry to believe it. If some of the old stories that have been told as to the source and meaning of human life are no longer credible, if they fail to give guidance in

the new world, that is not to say that no credible story can be told, no true guidance be given. We read the other day that Commander Lieutenant Byrd found his compass no longer reliable in the regions into which his aeroplane carried him near the pole. But he had the sun both by day and night to correct them by. Perhaps it may be like this with us. Anyway, it is as good an allegory as the one about the other bird.

2. I have said that you cannot get a philosophy from anybody else, and I stick to that. But this does not mean that you cannot get great help from those who have one. I had a pious (though withal worldly-wise) aunt when I was young, who used to warn us against marrying for money, but would add that she saw no harm in "going where money was." So I would say to you about a more important matter, Don't go to others simply to take their thoughts for your own, but go, nevertheless, where thinking is: to the really great thinkers of the world. If you no longer find St. John and St. Paul among them, there is Plato, whose works have been called the Bible of the educated. There are the great moderns, Leibniz and Spinoza, Locke and Berkeley. Or if technical philosophy repels you, there are the great philosophical poets and essayists, Dante and Goethe, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Browning, Carlyle and Emerson, nearer still, William James and Santayana.

3. When you have got to them don't be surprised to

find that they speak of things which to most men have seemed little more than words: truth, beauty, goodness, justice—as if these held in themselves all the meaning and reality of the visible and tangible world: food and clothing, money, homes and land, with all the powers these put at your command. Perhaps they are profoundly right and the run of men profoundly and disastrously wrong. *Anyway, there is no greater need than that you should make up your mind once and for all as to who is right and who is wrong in such a matter.* To do this after taking everything into account (and see you do that) is to have a philosophy.

4. Lastly, don't be discouraged if you find it a difficult job. There are things in the life of the mind as in the life of the body for which you have to take your courage in your hands and set your breast and your teeth as to a steep hill-side. We have Socrates' authority again for believing that "all great things" (his word is "all *beautiful* things") "are difficult." But we have also his word for it that "the reward is great."

II

WHAT IS PHILOSOPHY, ANYWAY? [1]

SINCE setting down this title for a paper, which in some way might be an *apologia pro vita mea*, I have been wondering what precisely it meant. If it had stopped with the first three words, however difficult the answer, the meaning of the question would have been clear enough. It would at any rate have been a quite innocent one. As it stands it is anything but innocent. It has a sting in it, and the sting is in its tail. If I ask, "Who is Tom Jones, anyway?" I seem to imply that Tom Jones has been putting on airs and making a fool of himself generally. The question is intended to put Tom Jones in his place and for the rest to indicate a very lukewarm interest in the answer to it. It even seems to imply that I know all about him already and don't want to know any more.

I am not aware that philosophy in America has been guilty of any such offence against good manners as this tale-bearing adverb seems to indicate. The eponymous hero of the seat of its greatest Western University, Bishop Berkeley, was a great gentleman as well as a great philosopher, and all the philosophers I have there

[1] Given at the Berkeley Club, February 18, 1926.

met seem to me to be worthy followers of the good Bishop in this respect. If it has been otherwise elsewhere, and philosophy has succeeded in making itself ridiculous, its critics have at least known how to get their own back. Since coming to America I have heard a distinguished President of another great University quoted as having warned his assembled students to beware of "three things: drink, tobacco and philosophy." Others have inverted with respect to it the witty definition of the specialist as the man "who knows more and more of less and less," and defined the philosopher as the man "who knows less and less of more and more." Perhaps therefore we may request it and its critics to cry quits in respect to what Mrs. Malaprop would call "abusive epitaphs," and, dispensing with the tail, turn to the question at the head with some real interest in the answer to it as an attempt to state, in the first place, what the *word* means, and in the second why we should concern ourselves about the *thing*.

I

With regard to the first there is a real difficulty. Other subjects and sciences (geometry, mechanics, biology, for instance) bear their meanings on their face. True, in most cases, it is a Greek face, and sometimes not everyday Greek either, but reference to a Greek

dictionary is usually sufficient for our purpose. With philosophy it is different. It begins well (and by the way modestly enough) by describing itself as an affection, but it goes all to pieces in the end by making the object of the affection knowledge or wisdom in general. The ordinary man is prepared to recognize the value of particular knowledges, as he is prepared to recognize the value of particular apples or particular motor-cars, but he has no use for knowledge in general any more than for apples or motor-cars in general. There may, indeed, have been a time when, even so, the word conveyed a meaning, but that was in its early days when it included all the knowledges or sciences in itself, and these days are long past. One by one the sciences have broken away from the parent stem and started business on their own account. It is true that until quite recently some fragments of specialized knowledge still adhered to the original stock—notably psychology—and when the rights of philosophy were challenged it was possible to point evasively to these in justification of its claim to recognition. But psychology (to a large extent elsewhere, almost completely in America) has now hived off too, and it is no unreasonable question to ask, What is left of the great and proud domain over which philosophy once ruled?

In trying to give an up-to-date answer in such a paper as this, I am reminded that while the word gives little or

no help, the ordinary use of it may. We speak in ordinary language of an unphilosophical and a philosophical way of dealing with a subject or situation. By the first we mean the partial and superficial view of it suggested by our passions or our first impressions; by the second the view that comes to us when we put partiality and passion aside and try to get at its meaning as a whole. What is true of particular bits of life is true of life in general. The "philosopher" is not the man who knows more facts about Nature and humanity, but the man who has more respect for the facts that he does know as involving principles that go deeper than facts. To him facts and actions seem or demand to be organized round some central principle and to have thus a unity, wholeness or integrity which other people's lack. This is observable (still keeping to popular usage) in two respects which may be said to give us characteristics of the philosopher. First and foremost he is the man who takes things as they are. At least to begin with, he wants fact, all fact and nothing but fact. This is what his mind lives on, and he is no more likely to quarrel with it than with his bread and butter. William James reminded us of this, quoting Carlyle's ironical remark, when someone unctuously reported of the saintly Margaret Fuller that "she accepted the Universe," "Gad! she'd better." The philosopher accepts the Universe not because he'd better, but because it is his nature to. But this is only half the story.

Besides the facts as they are, besides things as they exist, there are facts as they "ought to be," things as they may and under certain conditions must exist. This is a part of the fact taken in all its scope, and (to beings who have not only ideas about facts but ideals for them) surely the main part. The philosopher sees this: he sees the "fact to be" within the "fact that is," and, being such as he is, he cannot see it there without seeking to release it from its imprisonment. He accepts the Universe, but he accepts it to remake it. Carlyle himself, with all he said about acceptance and resignation, was the least resigned of men. His was a gospel of action, a vision of the world-to-be. He differed from others (was more philosophical) in insisting that the ideal was no "far-off divine event" but something to be realized here and now: "Your America is here or nowhere. The situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. 'Tis here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free."

So much for the popular use. Turning to the more technical meaning, we have only a further and more exact application of the same idea. Philosophy is the attempt to look not merely at bits of life, but at life as a whole in the light of the principles that are involved in it and are capable of giving unity to it. First it

seeks the facts. Right or wrong in its other criticisms of the philosopher as popular opinion may be, it is surely wrong in the idea that he is engaged in spinning cobwebs out of his own brain. But philosophy sees also that besides the facts, whether of knowledge, of feeling or of action, are the judgments that men make about the facts. And this means that it is concerned with the value or significance that the facts have, as pointing to a wider reality, something more ultimate than themselves. The philosopher may not be responsible for raising the questions about the first principles and meanings of things, but they have been raised from of old, and the philosopher is the man who sees that once they are raised some answer has to be found to them. It is vain to urge men to turn away from them and "cultivate their gardens." They will break out again in the garden: What is worth growing in it, and why? Are plant and gardener alike, in the end, merely "a shovelful of phosphates"? or is there something in each of them of quite another and quite unchemical constitution, a soul of goodness or beauty that lifts them into quite another world?

As a matter of fact, the history of philosophy has been the history of the periods at which these questions have been raised and, owing to special circumstances, pressed home with special insistency. Such a period was the age of Pericles in Athens, when the old scheme of values, the old Hellenic culture and morality, was

breaking up under the impact of a wider civilization. Such another was the age of the Renaissance, when the old things in religion, politics, art, and science were passing away and all things were becoming new. Still another was the age of the French Revolution, when the Encyclopædists were raising new questions as to the reality of progress, the relation of body to mind, of the Deity to His Universe, of human rights to the established order of society. Such finally is our own age; for ours is a time in which just these questions are being pressed upon us as never before. In all these periods we have had great questions asked and great philosophers have arisen to give world-famous answers to them: Socrates, Plato, Aristotle; Descartes, Leibniz, Spinoza; Kant, Fichte, Hegel. If in our own time individual names do not stand out with the same clearness, it is partly because there are so many of them, partly because we are as yet so near to them that we cannot see them in their proper perspective.

"Well!" it may be said, "but what of it all? We see your point about the questions, but what of the answers? It is the answers that count. Do these amount to anything more than guesses? So many philosophers, so many different guesses. And, as most of the differences amount to contradictions, may they not be said to cancel one another out and leave us in the end with little or nothing of positive value? And is not this just what we might expect, seeing that they are dealing

either with what is essentially unknowable *or* with that into which individual preferences necessarily enter as a disturbing, ultimately falsifying, element?" These also are old doubts, but they go to the root of the matter, and unless we believe they can be met, philosophy may be allowed a place as a short, somewhat dry appendix to the sciences, or as a flight of the mystic imagination into the empyrean; it can claim no independent field of its own and can be of little significance for the larger life of man. It is because I believe that it has such a field and such a significance that it seems worth while to attempt some sort of answer to these questions, however short and provisional as by necessity it here must be.

(*a*) With regard to the unknowability of all ultimates, whether considered from the point of view of fact or value, such a conclusion has to be considered. We have no right to rule it out without examination. But neither have we any right to rule it in. An unreasoned scepticism has no more claim to attention than an unreasoned gnosticism. On the other hand, a reasoned scepticism is itself a philosophy, though a negative one. Unhappily for itself, too, it is a philosophy which, in addition to the difficulties of other philosophies (and God knows that the best of them are full of difficulties), presents one which is peculiar to it and has pretty generally been admitted to be fatal. For in asserting that ultimate realities are unknowable it assumes that we already

have so much knowledge of them as to be able to make such a statement about them, and further, that we know what knowledge itself is. This objection holds of all forms of agnosticism, among them the recent one with which Herbert Spencer's name is commonly associated. I do not expect that this argument will convince the thorough-paced sceptic. To such I know of only one effective reply. It was that once given by a friend to a group of obstinate opponents, who assured him after much argument that he would never convince them. "No!" he said, "I shall not convince you; but by the grace of God you will die out." Fortunately, Nature has provided for the euthanasia of the race whose scepticism extends to the denial of the reality of such things as knowledge and truth by arranging that belief of some kind in the knowability and practicability of them should be a condition of the energy that makes individuals and nations not only struggle for existence against all odds, but be ready to stake life itself for what is more than life. It was because of his concern for the survival of this faith that Huxley (himself the inventor of the term "agnostic") ended his famous Romanes Lecture on "Evolution and Ethics" with the brave affirmation of the reality, at any rate, of the true and the good in Tennyson's *Ulysses.*[1]

[1] "It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
. . . but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done."

(*b*) The case against philosophy, as above defined, founded on the impossibility of separating it from our own subjective preferences and on its unprogressiveness, is more difficult to deal with in a paper like this, but as the former has the support of the most brilliant British writer on philosophy at the present time and the latter is of constant recurrence, it is impossible to pass it over altogether.

Mr. Bertrand Russell in his book on *Mysticism and Logic* has urged that, while in considering our contemplative life it is possible to be impartial, once admit the distinction between good and evil into philosophy and it becomes a tyrant by "introducing into thought the restless selectiveness of action." Ethical notions are essentially anthropocentric and "interfere with that receptivity to fact which is the essence of the scientific attitude towards the world." "Ethical metaphysics is fundamentally an attempt, however disguised, to give legislative force to our wishes."

The writer is thinking particularly of ethics, but the same argument would hold of the distinction between beauty and its opposite in aesthetics, justice and injustice in politics, reality and unreality in metaphysics. The moment we give this extension to his principle, we are struck with the extraordinary narrowness of a philosophical Puritanism that would rule out at a stroke, as valueless for thought and life, books like Plato's *Republic*, Aristotle's *Politics and Poetics*,

Spinoza's *Ethics*, the *Critiques* of Kant,[1] which have entered into the mind of Western civilization and may be said to constitute its substance. By what right, moreover, we might ask, can we rescue, as this writer would fain do, logic itself, so far as it is concerned with that most fundamental of all human interests, the distinction between truth and untruth and the criteria by which it is to be determined?

Considerations like these are enough to show the entire groundlessness of the attempt to apply Mrs. Partington's broom to the inrushing tide of philosophical thought. They even suggest that the very opposite may be the case and that these ultimate values, of which good and evil may be taken as a type, are just the field in which philosophy has its most important work to do.

(*c*) There remains the recurring difficulty of the differences among philosophers. It is possible to make a good case out of them against metaphysics, as it might be possible to make a good case against physics by emphasizing the differences among physicists on such frontier problems (and metaphysics, like the higher physics, is essentially a frontier study) as the ultimate constitution of matter. But it is also possible to exaggerate these differences and the consequent relativity of knowledge in the one case as in the other.

[1] Not to speak of Mr. Russell's own brilliant excursions into these fields.

As it may be claimed by the physicist that there are certain general truths emerging from the recent unexampled activity in this field,[1] so it may be claimed that from what a German writer has called the "resurrection of metaphysics" in our time there is emerging a certain agreement on fundamental points of philosophical doctrine. I shall mention two that bear upon my general argument. There is in the first place the idea of the essential inter-relatedness of things. The scientific world has been stirred to its depths and the outlook of the physical sciences bids fair to be revolutionized by the doctrine of Relativity. Physicists differ as to the precise interpretation of its significance. But from the side of metaphysics it may be permissible to suggest that its importance consists in the light which it throws on the wider truth of the systematic connection of *all* the elements of our world, and the impossibility of separating anything from anything else or assigning an absolute value to it when taken by itself. "A physical object," writes Professor Whitehead, "is a systematic correlation of the characters of all events throughout all Nature." If this is the teaching of the New Physics, it is only the old metaphysics (writ small or large as we choose to take it), and a confirmation from another side of Tennyson's, so often quoted because so fundamentally philosophical, "*Flower in the Crannied Wall.*"

[1] "Einstein is built upon Newton" (Russell in *ABC of Relativity*).

With something like agreement on this first head the interminable conflict between the prophets of the One and the Many might be taken perhaps as at an end and Monism and Pluralism superseded by a "Multiplexism" which will neither submerge all differences in unity nor dissipate all unity in "disconnection dull and spiritless." Among other pluralisms that might thus find their solution, there may well be that of which we have spoken, the dualism of fact and value: things as "time-space events" and things as carriers of worth. The new physics again leads the way. "There is no such thing," says Whitehead, "as mere value. Value is the outcome of limitations. Apart from shaping into individual matter of fact there is no attainment." Philosophy agrees and merely adds the complementary truth: "There is no such thing as mere existence. Limitation is the outcome of value. Apart from the shaping to attainment there is no individual matter of fact." If further we look beyond the physical to the biological sciences, what is being brought home to us there is that existences and values are not all on one level. Owing to the action of the vital *nisus* or urge implied in evolution, what we have is a hierarchy of forms standing for lower and higher in the scale of value, in which the order of time-development is not the order of intrinsic importance—nor actuality coincident with ultimate reality. From the point of view thus reached it might well be true (as metaphysicians

have held) that the first is last and the last first; and qualities like truth and goodness, love and justice, grace and beauty (late-comers though they be in the order of time) may be something more than the pale and unsubstantial light, falling we can't tell whence, on things more real than themselves, that they are sometimes supposed to be.[1]

II

I offer these suggestions not as dogmas nor as themselves giving anything like a complete philosophy, but as illustrations of positive points of view that seem to be emerging from the present ferment of opinion. If there is any truth in them, they give already by anticipation the answer to the second of the two questions from which I started, that of our interest in the subject. If philosophy leads to anything like the conclusions I have suggested, its interest clearly goes far beyond anything that is merely academic. But it may still be said that the answer is too vague. I shall therefore venture somewhat beyond these general hints and conclude this article by trying to indicate their bearing on some of the questions which I have heard most keenly discussed both in public and private since I came to

[1] I know of no better statement of this truly "synoptic" point of view than that of Professor Boodin, of the University of California at Los Angeles, in his book on *Cosmic Evolution* (1925).

America. I have only space for two of the more fundamental: Progress and Democracy. If I seem to speak dogmatically on either, it is only because of the necessity at this stage for the extremest brevity.

If I might make one general criticism of the tone of these discussions, it is of the pessimism that has pervaded so much of them. I recently heard the pessimist defined as the man who, when he sees a flock of sheep going to be shorn, is "prepared to wager that half their wool is cotton." In respect to both of the great words I have mentioned, it seems a widespread belief that half the hopes men have founded upon them are cotton. I am not going to try to prove that they are all wool, but I wish to suggest that, taking one thing with another and taking all together, as the philosopher should, there is a prospect of a good deal more than half being the real stuff.

As regards Progress, there is no more striking contrast in contemporary opinion than that between the ardent belief in it which characterized the mid-Victorian age and present-day doubts as to its reality or permanence. Already before the war faith in any assured progress had been shaken in many minds. The Great War and the passions it let loose revealed the precariousness of the foundations on which our civilization rests, and the shadows may be said to have even deepened since. Philosophy has no facile answer to the problem thus raised; but it can ask us to enlarge our view of it and

contemplate it in the light of a wider time-span and of what progress must consist in if it is to be permanent. Even taking the fragment of time that has elapsed since the birth of reflection and the beginning of history proper, it can point to the growing influence of wisdom and foresight and of the ideals of truth and justice in the control of human affairs. These are forces that have come to stay, and if we look at the process by which, even in the comparatively short time, on any reckoning, that man has been upon the earth, they have asserted their power, there seems no reason to despair of their ultimate triumph. The task of making them prevail is enormous—the difficulties far greater than our forefathers had any idea of—but if these are the things, as I have suggested philosophy is leading us to believe, that are the most real and that the Universe has most at heart, we may be justified in saying of them what Walt Whitman said of the existence of God, "There is nothing I feel more at ease about." What have been called the "Eternal Values" may be trusted to know how to affirm themselves in the end against the merely temporal values, however exalted the horn of these latter at any particular time may appear to be.

What is true of the idea of Progress is true of the idea of Democracy. Here also, after a period of enthusiastic faith in the democratic ideal, we are in the middle of a wave of reaction. Everywhere it is on its trial; in some

countries, among them the country of Mazzini, it seems already condemned. It is impossible here to discuss the causes of the change. What is clear and what we are here concerned with is, that there is the same need as in the case of Progress for those who would retain their faith to seek some deeper foundation for it than that which the authority of a Lincoln or the tradition of a Continent (great as is the value of both) supplies, and where can we go for this but to some sure conviction as the fundamental principle of our social life? Philosophy has no advantage over any other mode of thought in the search for causes and remedies of the maladies of democratic government. What it can do is to insist upon Democracy as the name for short of that freedom and power of *self*-government which is an essential part of any life that can be called human, whether in individuals or nations. If it be true (and who can really doubt it?) that no being that has the form and the mind of a man can accept in the end any form of life that is imposed upon him merely from without and that is not in some real sense self-chosen, there are again long odds in favour of Democracy as the only social ideal that can make good against its rivals, or, in the expressive American phrase, be "put across." "There is no instinct of self-government," writes Miss Follett, "but it is the law of our being. Suicide is the only alternative." Yet if Democracy represents, as on this showing it does, so great a thing, we may perhaps

be justified in asking whether it is wonderful that it should be slow and difficult of attainment. "All great things are difficult," Plato has warned us, and though it might seem dangerous to quote Plato in defence of popular government, yet in his conception of a Republic founded on faith in the supreme reality of goodness and justice, and in the social will as the basal element in human nature, we have the essential spirit of Democracy, whatever the particular form of political organization through which that will expresses itself may be. For the rest, and as regards the apparent failures of Democracy in Russia, Italy, Spain, Greece, not to come nearer home, it is no more possible in politics than elsewhere "to gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles," or in more homely phrase "to make a silk purse of a sow's ear." Peoples demoralized by ages of tyranny, whether native or foreign, are at best but poor material for the making of this greatest of things. All that we can, for the moment, do is to pray for the rise among them to some true statesmanship, some great "artificer of freedom" (and, as Plato declared, the more of a philosopher he is the better) who, knowing himself what it is, may educate and train them in the great art of living together under self-made laws.

III

THE PLACE OF PHILOSOPHY IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES[1]

WHAT strikes the visitor to American universities, who is himself interested in philosophy, is the general estimation in which the subject is held and the prominent place it occupies in the curricula. It has a place in the sun that it cannot be said to have in the British universities of the same age and standing. This I believe is the result partly of the theological tradition in some of the older American universities, the effects of which (if not the thing itself) have spread from them to the newer. So far as it is more recent, it is, doubtless, also the result of the exceptionally distinguished men (James, Royce, Palmer, Dewey, Santayana, to mention no others) who have won the public ear and impressed the community with the practical significance of philosophical theory. It might easily have been otherwise. The study might have got the stamp of exquisiteness and remoteness or of waywardness and eccentricity, justifying the popular impression of the philosopher as the star-gazer who is only not in a lunatic asylum or a

[1] Read at the meeting of the Western Branch of the American Philosophical Association, November 1926.

jail because he keeps his star-gazing to himself or is too unimportant to do any harm with it. As it is, philosophy has a great and established position in America, which a stranger coming from universities where it may be said to be still fighting for recognition is apt to envy. The question I wish to raise in this paper, though with some diffidence owing to limited experience, is whether it is wholly living up to its opportunities, and whether the impulse and direction I have spoken of as given by great men in the immediate past is not in danger of being lost by occupation with internal conflicts, or of exhausting itself in the direction of somewhat scholastic experimentation.

Philosophy by its very nature tends to separate its devotees from the general life of the community. It is an absorbing pursuit. It needs no elaborate apparatus and calls for little co-operation; it is concerned with obscure matters that do not get into the newspapers. The philosopher has every temptation to take εὖ λαθεῖν as his motto. In America there are two circumstances that tend further to withdraw him from contact with the life and thought of the bigger world. There is the State connection of the newer universities. This means that these are usually in small places chosen because of their geographical centrality, and perhaps just for their smallness. I am told that it also means (though I should hope that this is exaggerated) a certain sub-

servience to popular opinion, harmful to *all* subjects, quite fatal to philosophy.

A second and more potent factor working in the same direction is the specialization, which has been carried farther in the American than in the British universities. This has meant that political and social science, psychology, history, religion, and art—everything (with the exception perhaps of ethics) which has more special bearing upon the life of the community—have been taken out of the Departments of Philosophy and handed over to specialists in these subjects, who too often are men who have no special training in philosophy and may be even strongly prejudiced against the point of view which is distinctive of it. The general result of this has been to throw the work of the philosopher more and more into lines of study, such as epistemology and logic, which have only an indirect connection with the everyday work of the world. It is not surprising that intelligent observers who have not only no prejudice against philosophy, but are entirely friendly to it, are somewhat repelled from it in this new phase. Santayana's description of the new type of man who is taking up philosophy in the spirit of the specialist in science or the young engineer or doctor may be exaggerated, but there are many cases of which it would be true.

I wish to discuss this subject with entire sympathy with the newer movements. I think it likely enough

that what might be called "great philosophy" is passing through a stage of decadence. But there never was a period of decadence which was not also a period in which there were the germs of a new life. When one gate is being closed another is being opened. In the history of philosophy and culture itself, as Bosanquet reminds us, the date of the closing of the schools of philosophy by Justinian was the date of the opening of the Mosque of St. Sophia. More particularly the occupation of philosophy with the "concept of nature" seems to me of the highest promise. But in the end the supreme interest of philosophy is in man and the meaning of his life to himself and to the universe, and nothing would be more fatal than that, in absorption with these newer and altogether hopeful sources of philosophical interest, it should forget its great function as the minister and interpreter of *human* nature. Never, certainly, was the call from this side more pressing. A whole world of ideas as to what that interpretation should be has crumbled before the eyes of the present generation. Dissolution is in the air, and there is not one of the great fields of human experience which is not liable to suffer from being deprived of the nourishment that comes from the great comprehensive ideas which unite them with one another and with the bedrock of the world's life. Politics is apt to sink into a department of big business; morality to be the word for the top-dressing of convention that hides the underlying

atrocities of the struggle for business existence; public religion a form of mild aesthetic dissipation or a Sunday imitation of the week-day headlines of which you may read in the *American Mercury*; art to become aesthetic in the worse sense of the word, the search for thrills (or, as an artist expressed it to me the other day, a "kick") from some abstract and altogether insignificant aspect of nature or human life.

There is, I believe, as I have said, another side to all this apparent decadence, but there is certainly this side, and the question I am raising is whether philosophers have nothing to say about it all and are to be content to let things take their course—*bene latentes*. If they are, it is not for lack of example in the great times of the past history of philosophy. Philosophy in Greece came, indeed, when there seemed nothing to be done but, as Socrates suggested, crouch behind the wall while the storm went by. As a matter of fact, Socrates himself and his great successors did nothing of the kind, but tried to stop the rot. If they did nothing else, they gave to the succeeding age, in the idea of a Natural Right and a Natural Law, a standard to live and fight under, which served as a spiritual rallying-point for five centuries, till a better could be raised. In like manner it was philosophy that gave to the Florentine revival of art under the Medici the spiritual touch which made it something more than a pale reminiscence of a decaying Christianity. So it was in the Kantian philo-

sophy which, through Goethe and Schiller on the Continent, Coleridge, Carlyle, and Emerson in England and America, gave the watchword for the new movements in art, politics, and religion in the aftermath of which we are still living. It is at any rate a question worth asking whether philosophy has anything of a like kind to-day to offer to the times. Can it help to a new synthesis? Plato defined synopsis (his word for synthesis) as its proper task. The philosopher was the synoptical man. If he was not that he was nothing. I am sure that there are some philosophers who will not agree. They have little or nothing synoptical in themselves—at any rate, nothing of the kind to spare for anybody else. Rather they are critics of synopticism. These I believe have their place. An uncriticized synopticism, like an uncriticized life, is not worth having. I would go further and say that they have a special function in sharpening the eyes of others for the things for which they have no eyes themselves. As one of our own greatest critics, who was also something more, has put it: "Special criticism is necessary to enable us to appreciate the forms of unity which are higher than the common-sense categories or the conceptions of physical science, and, apart from special criticism, we are liable to see a blank when the greatest things of life are before us." [1] But a good deal of this work is comparatively easy. There is always much to

[1] Bosanquet, *Science and Philosophy*, p. 148.

criticize and there are likely always to be many critics. "Many are the thyrsus-bearers; few are the mystics." But there are some mystics, synoptical men who may attempt the harder task. They may not pretend that they know all about it or that they see light wholly, but they have spent their lives in trying to see it, and they think they see at any rate (and that, after all, is the main thing) where it is coming from. What is more, they think (surely rightly) that philosophy is different from science in that one of the chief qualifications for it is actual experience of life: that it is indeed nothing more than ordinary experience come to an understanding of itself; and that as a consequence of this all men may be philosophers in a sense in which they may not be mathematicians or physicists—able, as Socrates would have said, if not to be discoverers in philosophy, at least to follow an argument, perhaps even to help it out by contributions here and there of their own. My suggestion is that in the present condition of the world there is a place for such men as I have described —a place that no others can fill.

"You want philosophers to be friars, a new kind of spiritual bagmen to take the place of the old now fallen decrepit." No, not that (though if anyone wanted to go preaching with the friars I don't know any better text that he could have than that of "Know thyself"). I want them to be what, equally with the poets, they may very well be: seers and declarers of what they

have seen. Metaphysics not less than poetry is a kind of vision—the vision, as Coleridge put it, of the Ancient of Days in the common things of life. The true metaphysician, like the true poet, is the man who can dissolve the mists that, through custom, class interest, prejudice, the abstractions of ordinary superficial thought, have gathered over the face of human life and that hide from us its richer contours. There is not one of the great problems which are exercising men's minds at the present time, and on the right solution of which the whole of our civilization depends, that is not more or less directly bound up with such a work. It is in this sense that it might be claimed that more than any others—the ministers, journalists, politicians, poets, novelists, and artists—philosophers are the guardians of civilization. Philosophy has been defined as the self-consciousness of an age. Too often it is the self-consciousness of an individual. It might be better to substitute a more familiar and less ambiguous word and call it the conscience of an age. Like conscience, it speaks from a deeper level of experience than ordinary common sense or the special sciences. As contrasted with the former, it is *science*; as contrasted with the latter, it is *con*science—the sciences conscious of their need not only of one another, but of something which none of them nor all together can supply.

The question how and where to speak is one for each university or college to answer for itself. Under the

leadership of the Chairman of the Department in Berkeley, an occasion was courageously made in the session 1926–7.[1] These lectures were undertaken with much diffidence. The lecturers were diffident as to whether they had anything useful to say. They were diffident as to whether there would be anyone to say it to. I think I may say that the members of the Department all found something to say, and there were certainly large numbers on each occasion who wanted to hear it. Whether these latter heard what they went out for to hear and whether it did them any good, we have perhaps yet to learn. I am sure it did the members of the Department good. It reminded me of a similar experience in the intellectual and social revival that

[1] The lectures were on the general subject of "Philosophy and Modern Life." They were announced in the usual way, and made free to the public. They were given on successive Wednesdays, in the evening at eight o'clock, by the members of the Philosophy Department under the titles of "The Spirit of Man"; "Appearance and Reality"; "The Life of Knowledge"; "Ethics and Modern Life"; "Nature and Freedom"; "Beauty and Truth"; "The Problem of Religion." One of the larger lecture-halls was used. The audience, which numbered several hundreds, consisted partly of students and members of the Faculty, but largely also of the public from outside the campus. One of the audience was heard to remark to a friend, in apology for attending lectures of any kind, contrary to his habit, that he felt he must do something for his *soul*; another said he was intermitting his usual attendance at a Wednesday prayer-meeting because he must do something for his *mind*. These were probably typical of the "meeting of extremes" at these lectures. Owing to the encouragement it received, the Department decided to continue these lectures in the next session, and a course of seven was given last year on "Philosophy and Human Interests"—"Science," "Art," "Literature," "Conduct," "Politics," "Religion"—with equal success. In both years these lectures were given in the autumn semester and did not interfere with the ordinary series of more academic papers given by the members of the Department under the auspices of the Philosophical Union in the spring semester.

took place in the eighties and nineties of last century in London, when philosophers came from Oxford and Cambridge and from Scotland to address large audiences in Whitechapel and the Strand. It was said of them then by a competent observer that, whatever else it did, it gave them a new confidence in themselves to find that they could hold a popular audience, and thus reacted in strange and unexpected ways on their own work in their studies and class-rooms. Both this and the Berkeley experiment were on a small scale and were capable of great improvement. But with such improvement and carried out on a larger, perhaps co-operative, plan in the different States, work of this kind, it seems to me, would fill a gap in the intellectual life of the time which nothing else can. I do not know if anything was said on this subject at the recent International Congress of Philosophy in Cambridge, Massachusetts, but I can remember at a similar Congress in Oxford, now some ten years ago, a Canadian representative rising up and declaring with deep conviction, and as deep a response in the hall in which the meeting was held, that more and more the work of the Church as the centre of spiritual life is passing to the Universities. If this comes to be generally recognized (and it is becoming more and more evident every day), it is likely that men will look to the work of the Philosophy Departments as the *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiae*, whatever the "Church" of the future may be.

IV

THE SPIRIT OF MAN[1]

In venturing to suggest that the ancient academic study known as philosophy can be of any assistance in facing the complicated problems of modern life, I should not be surprised to be told that I am challenging not only the conviction of the ordinary man of its remoteness from practical life, but the conviction of some who are themselves philosophers. If I were to hint to the first man I met in the street of the hopes I had of help from such a source he would be as likely as not to exclaim: "Good God! has it come to that?" The philosopher Rivoral gives the reason for this despair when he tells us that "the radical vice of philosophy is that it cannot speak to the heart. The intellect is only a part of man. The heart is the whole."[2] Even those who, like Lord Bacon, admit that philosophy has some practical value have accused the philosophers of being far too timid. "Most of the doctrines of philosophers," wrote Bacon, "are more fearful and cautionary than the nature of things

[1] The next three lectures were given as part of a course at the University of California in Los Angeles in December 1926.

[2] Quoted with the other criticisms that follow by Robert Bridges in *The Spirit of Man*.

requireth. They have sought to make men's minds too uniform and harmonical. Men ought *so* to procure serenity that they destroy not magnanimity." Robert Louis Stevenson went even farther and made our religious and moral philosophies responsible for much of the current despair of good. "It is not strange," he declares, "if we are tempted to despair of good. Our religions and moralities have been trimmed to flatter us till they are all emasculate and sentimentalized and only please and weaken." It must be admitted that there is a good deal of truth in these accusations. I agree with the French philosopher that unless philosophy can address "the whole man" it will be powerless for anything. But I do not agree with his division of the man into intellect and heart. Neither of these is the whole: the heart is as much a mere fraction of the man as the intellect. The only word for the whole is the one I have chosen for the title of this address, namely the Spirit—a word for which the French *esprit*, whether used of intellect or heart, is by no means an equivalent. I agree also with Bacon and Stevenson that philosophy in the past has been "more fearful and cautionary than the nature of things requireth," as also too "emasculate and sentimentalized." It is not that it has been too idealistic; rather it is that it has not been idealistic enough. It has believed too little in the power of the spirit to bring harmony into its world, however refractory the

material may be. But these are faults that may be amended; neither author suggests that they are inherent in philosophy, and it is at least a sign of grace that, as in the course of lectures recently delivered in this University, it is trying in these days to face realities. Finally, with regard to the ordinary man, I share his surprise, but then I think that, in a sense, it has "come to that." I think, at any rate, that things *have* come to what he would call "a pretty pass." They give us a situation unique perhaps in the history of mankind, and that in two respects to explain which may serve to give a setting to what follows.

1. Our ideas on almost every conceivable subject are in a state of change and transition. We have been told for at least half a century that it is an age of transition. I have heard it ever since I have heard and been able to understand anything about the age in which I was living. But a lot of water has run under the bridges since then, and there is a great difference. In those days the change touched a comparatively small class. The wind, so to speak, was moving only in the tops of the trees; to-day all classes are affected. The wind is sweeping through the whole forest, shaking the stoutest of the trees to the roots. People are asking as never before: "What does it all mean? What are we to believe and hold by as to our life here or hereafter?" It is no use any longer to appeal to authority, even the highest, on the subject of man's

destiny. We no longer believe that any teaching is divine because it comes from Jesus or Buddha or Confucius. If we are to call anything divine and of God it must be because it is true; it is not true because it claims to be of God. So with what are called "decencies" of ordinary life. They must show their credentials. They must show that they are decencies in the true and original sense of the word: things that are fitting or becoming to the real nature of human life. The classes, moreover, that were affected in those days *talked* about ideas rather than attempted to carry them into effect. It was said with reference to the Russian Revolution that "one generation talked, the next acted." It has been something like that in the moral and social revolution that has been taking place. There is a new attitude to the great traditions, the tried decencies and conventions of life; and the new attitude is having a profound effect on conduct. Instead merely of "new ideas," we have "new men," not to speak of "new women;" and new continents like this are making experiments on a large scale not all in the direction of the old New England Puritanism.

2. In another respect things have "come to that." There have been other ages of transition—the Crusades, the Renaissance, the Reformation, the French Revolution. But the men of these ages were filled with the vision of some great spiritual object: the Cross, Classical Beauty, Freedom of Conscience, the Rights of

Man. In our own time it is just this element of spiritual vision that has been largely lost. It has been first and foremost an age of great scientific discovery in every department, with the result that means are available for the achievement of immediate material ends on a scale never approached before. It is an age of means—"machinery" in the literal sense of the word,[1] of which machinery in the narrower sense is only one, though perhaps the most conspicuous example: an age of armaments, territory, markets, railways, the Press, discovery in surgery, medicine, psychiatry. These are all *means of operation*, i.e. of acting on things from the outside. Carlyle just about a century ago called attention to all this in his epoch-marking essay on the *Signs of the Times*. What he there says has been verified to the letter and on a scale that even he failed to predict—with the ominous result that man's material conquests threaten to overwhelm his life; they endanger the peace of nations, invade our politics, enter subtly into social life and affect our individual standards.

It is all this that makes the question not only of the possession of some philosophy, but of the kind of philosophy which we possess and with which we are going to face these new forces of such enormous importance. Are we going to let our thoughts about ourselves and the world we live in be coloured by

[1] *Méchané*—suggesting something in reality the opposite of "mechanical" as a final self-explanatory description of things.

what we see without us—to be "like the dyer's hand, subdued to what it works in"? Are we going to submit to the domination of circumstances and reconcile ourselves to a philosophy which makes mind itself a means or an instrument for manipulating these forces for individual or corporate advantage, in the last instance for the increase of enjoyment, as the average man counts enjoyment? Or is it possible to claim for the human mind quite another nature and function as legislator and controller of this gigantic machine for quite other ends?

That this and not the other is the true view is the belief of the great writer from whom I have taken the title of this lecture. In the preface to the fine anthology he calls *The Spirit of Man*, Robert Bridges has written: "Man is a spiritual being, and the proper work of his mind is to interpret the world according to his higher nature and to conquer the material aspects of the world so as to bring them into subjection to the spirit." Can the view of the poet be vindicated by philosophy? We hear from Plato of "the ancient quarrel between poetry and philosophy." Are there signs of a reconciliation, at least in so far as agreement on this fundamental point of "the proper work of the mind" is concerned?

Philosophers, I notice, have been saying a great deal to one another at the recent Congress in Cambridge.[1]

[1] Held in Cambridge, Mass., in September 1926, and attended by some two hundred delegates from all parts of the world.

Have they been saying anything that here seems promising? We have been told by Professor George Adams in the public Press that it was a very "renaissance." Of what was it a renaissance? Is it a renaissance of the great classical tradition of the reality of ideas and of the soul as the "place of ideas"? Or is it a renaissance in the sense of a recrudescence of the naturalistic views that were opposed to this philosophy in Plato's time and have remained opposed to it ever since? I was not at the Congress, but I heard much from others as to the general trend of the discussions, and was struck by the coincidence of their reports with what I have observed for myself as to the philosophical under-currents of our time. On two fundamental points—the one negative, the other positive—there seems to be a growing agreement.

1. First, negatively, there seems to be on foot a general revolt against any attempt to explain things, most of all the mind of man, in terms of anything but itself. It is coming to be recognized that the mind is "itself and not another thing." In the essay I have referred to Carlyle complained of the tendency to materialism and mechanism in the philosophy of his time. The day of that is, perhaps, past, but in our own time there has been a strong temptation to explain human life in biological terms and to deny or belittle the difference between man and animal. Materialism in the cruder sense has faded out only to make room for biologism.

But there seem to be signs of a change here also. A distinguished representative of Indian philosophers at Cambridge wrote to me: "The Congress made one feel that there is revival of religious idealism in America, and that naturalism and pragmatism are not dominating philosophies so much as the papers make one believe." I believe that that is true. If the prevalence of Behaviourism is urged on the other side, it has to be remembered that a Behaviourism which knows how to behave itself is a *method*, not a philosophy. So far as it is more it may be left to discover in its own way that human behaviour is itself and not another thing, or at any rate that it is something sufficiently different from animal conduct to demand a special language for itself, if we would make it comprehensible to ourselves.

2. Coming to the positive side, the question of the actual nature of man's mind and what it is that differentiates it from the animal, this is a more complicated matter and it is more difficult to fix on any agreed lines of interpretation. It is no longer enough to utter the magic words "consciousness" or even "self-consciousness." The area of consciousness has been enormously extended in these days, and the "self" has been discovered to be a far more elusive entity than used to be supposed. But here, too, I believe something is being pressed upon us which, while it unites man to Nature, yet raises him above it.

With regard to Nature itself, a view is coming to be widely accepted which may be called dynamic, vitalistic, or organic, as contrasted with the older static, mechanical, or atomistic view. Its teaching may be summed up in two propositions. First, wherever you have life (perhaps far below life) you have active organization—integration. Something—a cell, a plant, an animal body—is weaving a pattern, or more accurately *is* a pattern which Nature is weaving out of the material (outer and inner) that is supplied by the individual creature. Secondly, while each thing has, or rather *is*, thus its own pattern and so far is *itself*, nothing is *by* itself. The pattern, we might say, points beyond itself to other patterns which are required to complete it. Latitudinally, so to speak, it links itself with elements in its spatial environment; longitudinally it is itself only a link in the temporal chain of beings that form the species or the race. In both respects it is always losing itself in order to find itself. It dies in part or in whole that something else may live. The reason is that it is the bearer of a life which is greater than its own and that demands this sacrifice of it with an imperativeness it cannot resist. What the ultimate or cosmic pattern is that is being worked out in the terrestrial order is perhaps something that can be only guessed at in its completeness, but that it is a legitimate and hopeful subject of guess is denied by few who have not committed themselves

to a dogmatic scepticism as to the meaning of our world.

If, leaving this and the view of Nature involved in it for the present, we turn to man, we see that, so far as he is merely *living*, he is not different. He is animal through and through. There is physical organization, an individual pattern, and there is a passing of the individual pattern out into a larger one. So far as he is more than animal, these two features reappear indeed, but they reappear in a new medium—the medium we call consciousness—and take, just for that reason, a quite different form: (i) There is organization, pattern still, but it is a pattern that can be *known* to the weaver of it as a pattern and made the object of his weaving. Even at the lowest, in the life of the earliest savage there is such a consciousness. It may be what psychologists have called a collective rather than an individual one, but it is so because the individual has some idea of the pattern his group or collection makes. It would not be collective unless it were also individual. Of course, individuals differ enormously in the size of the canvas and the coherence of the parts of their pattern, from the child to the father, from the savage to the savant, but there is always some pattern more or less purposefully formed. (ii) The pattern reaches beyond itself, but now in an entirely new way. I might try to express it by saying it is no longer confined to two dimensions. The animal

pattern, so to speak, is only two-dimensional: it is all on one level; it is part of the natural order and remains where Nature has put it. In man it is three-dimensional. As regards knowledge, the animal lives in the world of sense, and it is possible for a man to do little else, getting along as best he can without attempting through concepts to rise to the meaning of his sense world. But he has it in him to rise above this and enter the world of concept. It is the same world, but it is seen in a light which as far as sense goes never was on sea or land. What is true of knowledge is true of the sense of beauty. Man, like the animals, lives in a world of colour and sound, taste and smell. But he can find or make a new world out of it. He can see it in a new light. It is the same world, but it also is seen in a new light. Beauty has been called "the world of sense twice-born." It is a new dimension seen not *by* the eye but *through* the eye. It is the same, finally, in the world of conduct. This too has its roots in instinct and appetite, but through thought and affection it can be reborn as a world of goodness and justice. If you ask how this is possible, the answer is the same as before, *mutatis mutandis*: it is because man as mind is part of a larger world in which things of the mind have become realities with which he can enter into communication through his ideas. For the soul of man is, as Plato held, veritably the "place of ideas," and the highest kind of ideas are those which we call "ideals," as being

the intimations to the soul of the larger life in which, or not at all, it has to find *itself*.

It is the mind in this, its third-dimensional capacity, that I should like to call the "Spirit," and the world into which it thus rises "the spiritual world." It is this and not merely the possession of superior intelligence in working out the lower pattern that marks man out from the other animals. These are confined within the circle of their physical needs, in which they go round and round so darkly that they are not even conscious of the circle. Man knows his physical needs, but he knows more. He knows that he has other needs which are only feebly reflected in these, and he can project himself beyond them in order to live in a world in a true sense self-created—the world whose contents we sum up so inadequately in the trinity of beauty, goodness, and truth. There are, of course, differences of comprehensiveness and insight again here. There are those who can rise to it in one field though not in another. There are lovers of truth who are little concerned with beauty. There are those who love beauty and truth, but care little for goodness and justice. On the other hand, there are those who can see and love them all as indissolubly united, making what Plato called the "pattern in the heavens." Plato called this the "Vision of the Good," which he compared to the sun, the source at once of the being of things and of the knowledge of them. Perhaps it was the same

thing as the mediaeval romance called the Holy Grail. Perhaps not many have seen this, but perhaps also more than we think; for those who have seen it are just those who are least apt to speak of it. When asked, they say like Sir Boers: "Ask me not. I may not speak of it. I saw it." People tell us that religion is fading out of men's lives. We must not be too sure. There is another possible explanation. It may be that religion has deepened and that those who have most of it are just those that speak of it least. But this is another story.

Meantime, to have arrived at these definitions, however tentatively, is perhaps something in view of current superstitions as to the direction in which we are to look in order to vindicate the reality of spirit. If we hold by them, the doctrine called "spiritualism," which seeks it in the proof of "reincarnation," will be seen to have little right to the name. Science must keep an open mind for facts which seem to point to the survival of the soul. But its findings, whether positive or negative, are wholly irrelevant to the question of what makes life worth living either here or hereafter. Unless a man has learned to live to the spirit in the above sense here, merely to have survived into another life will not help him. We might paraphrase an epigram of F. H. Bradley's and say that a man may be as unspiritual in a hundred lives as in one. Better still, as we are here making friends with the poets, we might recall the lines

in Shelley's address to the Spirit of Beauty, in which the true reading has been put for all time.[1]

But there is another fallacy to which the language we have ourselves used may seem to have lent colour. I have spoken of the life of the spirit as concerned with such things as beauty, goodness, and truth as though these were somehow divided from the ordinary every-day life and activities of men, only to be possessed in their fullness when you go to a concert or a picture-gallery or read science or poetry or, again, the lives of saints. I am sure that this is simply all wrong. The third dimension I have been speaking of is everywhere about us, realizable in everything we think or do or make. To take only one example: There is no deeper saying in human language than the old "laborare est orare." On this Carlyle once truly commented: "I find that a man cannot make a pair of shoes rightly unless he does it in a devout manner; no man is ever paid for his real work or should ever expect to be paid. All work properly so called is an appeal from the Seen to the Unseen—a devout calling on the Higher Powers; and unless they stand by us, it will not be a work but

[1] "No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given—
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven
Remain the records of their vain endeavour,
Frail spells—whose uttered charm might not avail to sever
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone—like mist o'er mountains driven
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth in life's unquiet dream."

a quackery."[1] A fortiori this is true of the higher arts. It is told of a mediaeval painter that he never painted his Madonnas except on his knees. Wherever we strike into human life there is a side of it which opens on the Unseen. True culture means the power of following it there and weaving into life the pattern that thence descends to us. Meantime I have perhaps said enough to indicate what I mean by the spirit of man, and I might be content to leave it at that; but there are two attributes of the work of the spirit as thus conceived which may fairly be included in an account like the present, and which it is all the more important to indicate as there has recently been much writing and, as I cannot help thinking, much misunderstanding with regard to them.

1. If the account I have given of the nature of spirit is the true one, it goes without saying that its work is essentially creative. There is a general agreement in this. Writers vie with one another in emphasizing this side of the work of mind. We have books on *Creative Intelligence*,[2] *Creative Experience*,[3] etc., from leading American philosophers, written to show that not only in art, but in science, politics, morals, and religion the mind throws out designs, makes ventures in the region of the unknown and untried. "In the advance of any great moral idea," writes Professor

[1] See D. A. Wilson's *Carlyle on Cromwell and Others*, p. 188.
[2] A series of essays, with introductory one by Professor Dewey.
[3] By M. P. Follett (New York, 1924).

Tufts,[1] "there is an element of adventure upon new untested possibility." I should go further and say that the simplest act of duty or "of kindness or of love" is such a venture and so far creative. There is redistribution of values effected by it—a new pattern or the further extension of an old one wrought into the web of life. All goodness is a creation of values. Ethics can tell us no more than that we should seek to create the widest and most consistent pattern of these—"vote always," as William James has put it, "for the richer universe, for the good that is most organizable, most apt to be a member of a more inclusive whole."

2. But this is only half the story, and those who emphasize this alone lose the better half of it. We have ceased to believe in creation out of nothing or in creation which is not the expression not only of our thought and feeling, but of some vision we have had of the real world. We take the heart out of creation if we do not recognize that it is also a revelation. The creator makes a pattern, but it is an imitation, as Plato would have said, of the "pattern in heaven." The creator himself has never any doubt about this. The work of art, George Eliot tells us, is not so much to put its own meaning on things as to read back the meanings that they have lost for us. Like the Prophet Elisha and the Shunamite's son, it can restore; it cannot remake. "The poet gives forth from his own

[1] *Creative Intelligence*, p. 383.

spirit and reanimates the forms that lie breathless."[1] To the same effect Browning speaks of the work of the poet: "Not what man sees, but what God sees—the Ideas of Plato, seeds of Creation, lying burningly in the Divine Hand—it is toward these he struggles. He is rather a seer accordingly than a fashioner, and what he produces will be less a work than an effluence."[2]

What is true of art is true also of science and morality. They are indeed creative, but they can create only because they have had the vision of truth and goodness as they lie "burningly in the Divine Hand." Or (if this is the language of poetry rather than philosophy) it is only, we may say, as we believe that there is truth to be resuscitated that we can devote ourselves to the task of resuscitating it; it is only as we believe there are forces making for justice in the world, an eternal law which we can see, however, dimly in the affairs of men and on whose side we may seek to place ourselves, that we can have the heart to devote ourselves to the doing of what we can to make it prevail.

It is in some such idea of what the Spirit of Man is that I believe we have to find a clue to the problems of our time. If we hold to it, there is no fear that the gale of change of which I spoke will do any permanent damage

[1] *Life and Letters*, iii, p. 78.
[2] *Essay on Shelley*. "Begotten" (cp. the "begotten, not created," of the Creed) might serve to indicate the union of the two elements above referred to of Revelation and Creation.

to the roots of the trees. It may even prove a healthy, bracing tonic, clearing away the dead wood and the withered cones—the "sentimental trimmings" of which Stevenson speaks—shaking us out of the premature sense of "security" that Bacon deplores, and summoning us, as he would summon us, to a new "magnanimity."

Similarly with the threat that comes from the overgrowth of our world with material mechanisms. Such an idea as I have tried to set out gives us a *touchstone* by which to "try the spirit"—to test the values that are pressed upon us from the outside, whether they are of the two-dimensional or of the three-dimensional kind, and thus solid with earth and heaven. If we really believe this idea and take it into both intellect and heart, it may be an *amulet* as well, preserving us from the subtle powers of delusion which these mechanisms spread round us. Perhaps it will prove even a true *philosopher's stone*, enabling us to transform their lead into gold for the service of the spirit. Philosophy may not be able to tell how or by what particular measures at any given time the conquest over "the material aspects of the world," of which Robert Bridges speaks, will best be attained. This is the task of statesmanship. But before statesmanship can set about its task, the statesman must have a clear, convinced view of what that task in the end is. It is this that our Universities are called upon to give. If they fail here, they fail altogether. "Call ye that a society,"

asks Carlyle, "in which there is no social idea extant?" I would apply that to the society of which "University" is only another name. "Call ye that a University in which there is no universal idea extant?" And in such a University I know no higher function for a Department of Philosophy than that of summoning its members and friends to prove all ideas and ideals and to hold fast that which is good.

I hope that I shall not seem to have been dogmatic or to be trying to impose a creed in anything I shall say. Nothing is farther from my mind. Philosophy by its very nature must be a rebel against all creeds. It must hold with the rebel poet Swinburne that

> A creed is a rod
> And a crown is of night.

But Swinburne held himself free to add as the voice not of any creed but of the ages:

> This thing is God:
> To be man in thy might,
> To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and
> live out thy life in the light.

V

SOCIAL LIFE

We live in a time of which the pressure of society on the individual may be said to be the most prominent feature. It is an age, if not of Socialism, at any rate of what might be called "Societism"—the latter-day phase of that "emergent evolution" of which we are hearing so much and which stands in somewhat striking contrast to the individualism which was the keynote of the philosophy of a century ago. There are those it fills with hope, but there are others it fills with suspicion as heralding the decay of the individual —not merely in the ordinary sense of the destruction of individual initiative, but of the actual degeneration of individualizing traits of body and mind. One of the most striking papers at the International Congress of Philosophy, recently held at Cambridge, was that of William Morton Wheeler on "Emergent Evolution and the Social."[1] After emphasizing "the irresistible tendency of all living things to cohere and organize themselves into more and more complex emergent wholes" or "functional patterns," the speaker went on to warn his audience that going along with this

[1] Since published in *Science*, vol. lxiv, No. 1662.

building up of social wholes there was likely to be an *Abbau*, or unbuilding—an "evolution by atrophy" in the units—such as has taken place in the life of some of the social insects. He himself believed that there is already observable "a similar regressive development" of individuals with the advance of civilization, as evidenced by "the decline of the sense organs, the increase of emotivity, insanity, criminality, and mob psychology," and he forebodes the ultimate emergence of "a society of very low intelligence combined with an intense and pugnacious solidarity of the whole." He ends by quoting with approval from Starcke: "Civilization from an individual point of view belongs to neurotic phenomena. . . . Civilization demands regression."

Periodical alarms of this kind are familiar enough. They may serve a useful purpose as a warning against undue complacency in the results of modern civilization. The view I have just condensed is, I believe, only a conspicuous illustration of the uncritical application of biological conceptions to human life. But the fact that such a view can be seriously propounded in a philosophical congress is all the more reason why we should try to test it in the light of the broader philosophical tendency of the time. What I therefore propose to do is to consider how the view of the essential nature of spirit developed in the previous lecture applies first to individual conduct, secondly to the life

of society, thirdly to the relation that exists between the two.

1. It is from the side of conduct that the most persistent attempt has been made to assimilate human to animal life by denying the existence of what I have called the third dimension in the former. This, as I understand it, is the keynote, for instance, of Dr. E. B. Holt's philosophy of the individual organism in his interesting book on *The Freudian Wish.* While insisting with all modern biology on integration as the essence of all organic life, Dr. Holt finds in the life of the individual human being nothing but "a constant function of some feature of its environment, in just the same sense (although by a different mechanism) as the orbit of our earth is a constant function of the position of the sun around which it swings." It is a fundamental mistake to bring into ethics desire and will as functions involving the determination of conduct by ideas or purposes. "Life is not lived for ends. Its motion is forward, yet its motive power comes not from the front (from ends) but from behind."[1] Dr. Holt is entirely right in insisting on the continuity of the scale of creation. No view of the life of the spirit is any longer maintainable which does not carry on into it the whole animal equipment of instinct and appetite or fails to find in these the raw material of its own structures. But this is one thing; to interpret it as the

[1] *Op. cit.*, pp. 58–59, and *passim.*

denial of any essential difference between the life that is lived above and below the level of self-conscious intelligence and therewith of the possibility of higher types of unity is quite another. Carried to its logical issue this would simply mean that we are left without a place in our scheme of the world for such entities as freedom, personality, right and wrong, and are doomed to see a blank where the greatest things ought to be. It is not surprising that writers who take this view should have recourse to Behaviourism as an excuse for turning a blind eye to the plain matter of fact that, as Dr. J. S. Haldane puts it, "in the higher organisms at least we find distinct evidence of a quite new factor —consciousness. A conscious organism is, as it were, fighting the inorganic world, not blindly, but with the weapons of the inorganic world itself. It answers blow with counter-blow and physical force with counter-force. The conscious organism is aware of the inorganic, and reacts in presence of that world."[1]

As contrasted with the levelling view, represented by Dr. Holt, we have to recognize as the differentiating mark of man's life the presence of the idea of some whole or pattern that is not given in the life of instinct and appetite, but has to be superinduced upon it, not as something from without, but as the development from within of the meaning latent in these rudiments

[1] *Life Mechanism and Personality*, p. 103. The same point is excellently put by Professor George P. Adams in his *Idealism and the Modern Age*, p. 189, and by Professor Boodin, *op. cit.*, *passim*.

when taken up into the life of the higher organism. The full proof of this would involve an analysis of what is meant by desire and will as contrasted with mere impulse and appetite parallel to the difference between mere sensitive reactions and intelligent apprehension. As the chief achievement of modern psychology in regard to the latter may be said to be the discovery and enforcement of the *schetical* or formative element present in human knowledge from the beginning, so the chief achievement in the psychology of the will is the discovery of the presence of the idea, however vague, of some whole of coherent purpose that has to be realized. As there is a self, with its more or less organized knowledge, to whom experience comes and by whom it has to be assimilated, so in conduct there is a self that has to be satisfied in the objects to which instinct, appetite, or impulse move. As the one is the germ of science, so the other is the germ of morality. As the one lifts the mind out of the confusion of mere sensation, so the other lifts it out of the distraction of mere impulse. Instead of following the analogy into further detail it may here be sufficient to appeal to the patent fact of the presence in human life, even at its lowest, of something—call it what we will: sense of decency, self-respect, conscience—which constitutes the demand for a self-created, self-sustained order in harmony with an idea. No one has expressed this central element in

man's life more convincingly than R. L. Stevenson in what is perhaps the best of his Pacific Coast studies and the most characteristic expression of his philosophical creed. "Poor soul," he writes of man's distracted life, "here for so little, cast among so many hardships, filled with desires so incommensurate and so inconsistent, savagely surrounded, savagely descended, irremediably condemned to prey upon his fellow lives: who should have blamed him had he been of a piece with his destiny and a being merely barbarous? And we look and behold him instead filled with imperfect virtues; often admirably valiant, often touchingly kind; sitting down, amidst his momentary life, to debate of right and wrong and the attributes of the deity; rising to do battle for an egg or die for an idea. To touch the heart of his mystery, we find in him one thought, strange to the point of lunacy: the thought of duty; the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbour, to his God: an ideal of decency, to which he would rise if it were possible; a limit of shame, below which, if it be possible, he will not stoop . . . still clinging in the brothel or on the scaffold to some rag of honour, the poor jewel of his soul."[1]

This you may say is poetry rather than sober philosophy; but it would not be difficult to find in recent philosophical literature passages in which the same

[1] *Pulvis et Umbra*, condensed—with regret.

essential fact is put in language which, if less lyrical, is not less telling. "The stupidest human being," writes Professor L. T. Hobhouse, "outside an idiot asylum is not guided by pure impulse alone. Irrational as the average life may seem when tested by comparison with some all-embracing, self-consistent principle of conduct, it is orderly when compared with the chaos of spluttering impulses which would remain if the element of reason were once for all abstracted. If a man has no dominating purpose or creed that effectively directs his life as a whole, he has, as a rule, threads and filaments of purpose running through and connecting branches of his conduct. He has probably his trade or profession, his family life and affections, his hobbies, his home and possessions; each of these gives a certain order and consecutiveness to his conduct, and renders it so far purposive, continuous, and rational. The total result, it is true, may be a patchwork rather than a pattern and the colours may not always match—one hand may undo the work of the other—but it is fair to judge in the end not only by failures but by successes. There are elements of order, of restraint, of consecutive purpose in the ordinary life, and these elements are the partial and imperfect incarnations of a purpose which is comprehensive, self-consistent and complete. They are threads from the tissues of a higher organism which it is the problem of reason to apprehend in its wholeness."[1]

[1] *The Rational Good*, pp. 29–30.

I have perhaps said enough to show that in human life, even at its lowest, there are gleams from a world in which patterns are formed not as "constant functions of some feature of the physical environment," but as functions of a mind seeking to make its own life through what Stevenson calls its "virtue," Hobhouse its "goodness"—the reflection of an order which has no place in the physical. A true realism will recognize this inner order as having a structure of its own as definite as anything in the external world and entirely different from anything that can be expressed in terms of consequential events. It is in this spirit that R. L. Nettleship speaks of "goodness" as having a structure of its own "as definite as a sweet air or a joyous face." He adds: "I often wish all the 'virtues' could be felt in this way, and 'morality' too. One is obliged out of concession to one's own weakness to express them in terms of their 'results'; but it is good to feel occasionally that their results are *not* they—that the quality of courage or generosity or chastity is not exhausted, or even necessarily expressed, in the acts of standing fire, or giving money, or sexual abstinence, but is a vitalizing, health-giving force, for which men ought to feel the better, or else ought to admit that it is humbug to call it virtue at all."[1]

2. In view of this apparent independence it is not

[1] *Philosophical Essay and Remains.* "Extracts from Letters," vol. i, p. 101.

surprising that some philosophers should have conceived of the life of the spirit from this side as something inward and self-possessed, entirely independent of the outward. "Look thou within," wrote Marcus Aurelius. "Within thee is the fountain of good, and it will ever spring, if thou wilt ever delve." And again: "These are the properties of the rational soul: it seeketh itself; it analyseth itself and maketh itself such as it will and it attaineth its own end, wheresoever the limit of life may be fixed."[1] In the same sense Kant appeals to the "moral law within," and often speaks of it as something that lives in an atmosphere evacuated of ordinary human interest. Nothing could be more out of tune with the social spirit which we have claimed as so striking a characteristic of modern life, but this only makes it the more important to understand wherein the advance (if advance it is) represented by that spirit precisely consists, seeing that it is just here that most use has been made of biological analogies that obscure its real nature.

It was impossible for modern psychology to miss the place occupied by the hive-forming instinct in the lower animals, the herd instinct in the higher, and the obvious parallels to the latter in human life of gregariousness, mob action, the tyranny over the individual of social custom, public opinion and the vagaries of fashion. In view of these parallels we can

[1] Quoted by Bridges, *The Spirit of Man*, pp. 181 and 299.

understand the temptation to interpret human society as a whole after this analogy, and to see in it only a more complicated form of the same natural forces to the total neglect of the essential difference that the presence of will and idea makes in the case of man. Here as in the case of the individual there is no need to deny the operation of the natural instincts. Here as there they form the raw material, the lime and mortar of the social structure. *The mistake is to regard them as in any sense containing the ground plan, a fortiori to find in them the ultimate form or meaning of the social union.* Santayana is only carrying this philosophy to its logical conclusion when he conceives of the function of mind as merely that of expressing or reproducing an order not only prepared for but actually given in matter itself. "There is a primacy of nature over spirit in social life," he writes, "and this primacy, in a certain sense, endures to the end, since all spirit must be the spirit of something, and reason could not exist or be conceived at all unless a material organism, personal or social, lay beneath to give thought an occasion and a point of view and to give preference a direction. . . . Reason is a principle of order appearing in a subject-matter which in its subsistence and quantity must be an irrational datum."[1]

It would be possible to take this as meaning no more

[1] *The Life of Reason*, ii, c. 6, quoted by Professor Laird in *The Idea of the Soul*, p. 57.

than what we have ourselves insisted upon in asserting the continuity between man and Nature, but in that case we should have to limit the "primacy" which Santayana speaks of to origin in time. It may or it may not be true that physical structures come in the course of evolution as the necessary condition of the life of impulse—the life of impulse as the necessary condition of the life of reason.[1] But it does not follow and is contrary to all analogy to suppose that when reason does emerge its function should be confined to a secondary and apparently unmeaning reproduction of an order that already exists in the self-complacent form of a natural body. If what has already been said of the place of ideas and purposes—the pattern-making intelligence—in the life of the mind holds true, this cannot be all. The idea of what Hobhouse calls a "higher organism," or wider self, must have been working from the first, however obscurely. It is this and no mere herd instinct that has been expressing itself in social customs and institutions as modes in which ends higher than mere animal existence can be realized. In these, as later in law and government, systems of education and religious observances, the soul of man has been seeking to work into the life of society a pattern altogether different from anything that is to be found even in the most highly "socialized" animal group.

[1] In the passage above Professor Laird, from whom I have borrowed the quotation, questions the whole materialistic doctrine implied in it, as founded on mere assumption.

It was this that led Hegel, who, perhaps, may be said to have here struck the keynote of modern social philosophy, to speak of the civilized community as "objective spirit." It is the spirit as we have described it set not on withdrawing itself from the matter and motives of time and sense, but on putting on flesh and blood and becoming through them something more than these can ever of themselves become. If we ask what more precisely this is, the answer cannot be given, as conceivably in the case of the animals it might be, in terms of nervous and muscular behaviour, seeing that it depends essentially on the presence of conscious ends and of self-direction towards them. It is this that changes acts of nesting, hiving, and lairing into home-making, acts of defence into self-protection, work into industry, herding into co-operation for common ends, imitation into education, curiosity into science and self-culture.

3. It is in terms of such a view of the nature of society that recent philosophy has sought to interpret the life of the individual not only from the point of view of what he is at the beginning, but of what he seeks to be in the end. It is to society in the past that he owes his inherited aptitudes, the whole make-up of his body-soul organism. It is to society in the present that he owes the instruction or in-forming which he receives through the love of parents, through language, school teaching, laws, institutions, traditions, arts, literature,

and science. Cut where you will into his life you find it to consist of social tissue in the form of ideas, affections, active tendencies that have grown up in him through contact with the life of his fellow-men. More important for us here: it is in his intercourse with others that his native and acquired capacities find the field of their exercise. The members of his family, his trade or profession, the various groups with which he enters into co-operation are not something external to his own inner life, but are that from which it draws its sustenance and which may be said to be bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. Finally, society is that which not only supplies the individual with the field for the exercise of his capacities, but offers in its wider forms an all-embracive end to those of its members who feel most deeply the call of the spirit that is embodied in it. "Though the good of individual and State," wrote Aristotle, "is the same, yet the good of the State seems something greater both to attain and secure; and glad as one would be to work for this, for a single individual to do it for a people and for a number of States is nobler and more divine."[1]

It is this that in all ages has enlisted the devotion of the best of mankind. It is true that in modern times the State in Aristotle's sense has grown enormously in size and complexity, and in the life of most of us its well-being is apt to occupy a very

[1] *Ethics*, I, c. 2.

small place. Moreover, if the good life, of which as realized in its members that well-being must in the end consist, be such as we have claimed, it is not anything that can be *given* to a community any more than to an individual. Communities, like individuals, have to work out their own salvation. None the less there can be no full spiritual life for the man (or the woman) to whom the affairs of his community—city, State, or Union—are a matter of indifference, who does not feel its needs, its peace and prosperity, its fair name and its usefulness to other members of the still greater commonwealth of nations as his own. And though for him and perhaps for anyone large measures of reform are impossible, there will always be enough to be done for the perfection of the pattern in the removal of circumstances that obstruct individuals and classes in their efforts to realize what is best in them: unequal educational, industrial, political rights; corruptions of politics and the Press by the spirit of commercialism; the spread of the spirit of lawlessness that endangers the very foundations of society, or of the narrow patriotism that would isolate one community from another and reintroduce at the social level the self-defeating individualism of the past.

If from the point of view thus reached we return to the question of the nature of human goodness as raised by Nettleship, we shall deny that, whatever its origin in the past, in its developed form it bears

any resemblance to a mere system of taboos, enforced, as it might be in an animal group, by a semi-automatic reaction of the herd instinct. We shall maintain, on the contrary, with him that it has a unique quality of its own as a pattern in the soul. But to this we have now to add what we have learned as to the relation of this pattern to the larger one called social well-being —itself in the end not only dependent on, but consisting in, an inner pattern of what we might call the social mind. From this point of view goodness in general appears as the identification of the will with the conditions of this well-being—what William James calls "the stable, systematic moral universe for which the ethical philosopher asks." The particular virtues will be those forms of goodness which, either like the so-called "cardinal" virtues of temperance, self-control, courage, and loyalty, charity and justice, are the conditions of there being any such universe at all; or like those that we might call "progressive"—thought and wisdom, active benevolence, intellectual and moral courage, faith, and hope—are the conditions of the expansion and inner articulation of that universe.

It might seem as though by thus interpreting the virtues we were being brought back to the test of results which we have already rejected as the ultimate one. I think in a sense that we are. There is a singular agreement in the best ethical teaching of the day that the end of moral action—that which makes it

moral—is the creation of goods or "values," and that in all cases of moral alternatives the supreme law is that formulated by William James: "To vote always for the richer universe, for the good that seems most organizable, most fit to enter into complex combinations, most apt to be a member of a more inclusive whole." But we have to remember *in the first place* that of these goods the creation of the good will in ourselves and others is that with which nothing else can compare, just in these respects which James mentions, and *secondly* that our own goodness of will—in other words, the fact that we are doing our best—is not only the one thing that we can make sure of, but is all that is required of us. If we are still troubled about results that may turn out otherwise than we planned we may remember with Burns that

> The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft a-gley.

But we may also remember with the same poet that

> Wha does the utmost that he can
> Will whiles do mair.

Returning to the problem of civilization with which we started: I have tried to show that social life is just such a third-dimensional pattern as we found to be involved in all spiritual life. I have spoken of it as the individual life raised to a higher power. "Consider well," wrote Carlyle so early as 1831, "society is the standing wonder of our existence; a true region of the

supernatural, as it were a second all-embracing life, wherein our first individual life becomes doubly and trebly alive, and whatever of infinitude was in us bodies itself forth and becomes visible and active."[1] But I have tried to guard myself against suggesting that this should be taken to mean that somehow the individual life comes first and that social life is something superimposed upon it. Whether anything of this kind, whereby fully developed individuals come to be subjected to the pressure of society as a subsequent development, has taken place in the case of animal groups, it is impossible to say. If it has, there is the less analogy between them and the process of social development in man. Here from the first both have developed together. The individual is both creator and the created. He is creator inasmuch as it is in and through individuals that spirit as we know it manifests itself. He is created inasmuch as he only acquires his full powers—the virtues or excellences that make him a human being—in a social medium and only exercises them in social activities. There is no antagonism between the occupation of a place in society as a system of co-operating wills and the maintenance of his own individuality. The two are the same. That society should on occasions sink to the level of a herd

[1] *Works*, III, p. 342. See the whole passage; or, if this, again, is literature and not philosophy, the same doctrine in philosophical detail in the famous chapter on "My Station and its Duties" in Bradley's *Ethical Studies*.

or a swarm, or again that the individual should allow himself to become a mere cog in a social machine, is only too possible. But this is not of the essence of social life as a manifestation of spirit. If or where such a lapse takes place it means the decay at once of society and of the individual.

With the growth of complexity in a society such as that of the United States, there undoubtedly is rendered necessary more regulation—more "standardization," if you like. But a distinction ought to be made between regulation such as that of street traffic or standardization such as that of adjustable parts of machines, which means greater safety and freedom of individual movement, and regulation or standardization, which means a suppression of freedom. Even with regard to the latter we have to remember that social freedom is a large and complex thing, including more than mere liberty to do what we like, and that a denial of it in one place may mean an enlargement of it in another. Mistakes may undoubtedly be made by one generation of legislators, even with the best intentions; but a high-spirited society like the American or the British, if the generation that suffers from them has only the patience to wait, may be trusted to find a way to their rectification.[1]

[1] One can hardly fail to think of Prohibition in this connection. Though we may protest against the prominence given to it in comparison with far more pressing social problems, it is impossible to ignore its importance or the enormous difficulty of finding the right solution. One thing seems certain from the side of social ethics. Those who are

The great social problem of our time is just this: so to control social forces that they shall minister on the one hand to individual self-control as the basic, spirit-sustaining virtue, and on the other hand to individual freedom and initiative in thought and action as the great progressive, spirit-furthering force. Once this is clearly seen (and all social self-consciousness means coming to see it), we are on the road to a form of civilization that shall be neither a sacrifice of society to the anarchy of individual self-seeking nor the sacrifice of the individual to the pressure of the mass. Biology has little here to tell us except by way of warning against certain obvious physical and psychical dangers incident to advancing material civilization. Even here it is apt to be forgotten that, going along with the continual operation of a certain amount of unconscious biological selection, there is also a far more effective social (now largely conscious) selection which may be trusted to keep up the physical and psychical standards of the race. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is not likely to be lost as an ideal because it happens to be expressed in Latin. If this is the true view of the matter, there is

convinced that the eighteenth amendment is a mistake, while they are bound by their duty to society to work for its rectification, are no less bound by the same duty to consider the means they adopt to that end. Far more important than the alteration of any particular law is the preservation of the spirit of law so painfully built up in the Anglo-Saxon race, through all the centuries from the time of King Alfred, yet still in new countries so precarious that a passing wave of irritation in its inheritors, unless restrained, may deal it a blow from which it may take centuries again to recover.

no real menace to civilization in the growing power of the idea of our corporate unity. It is one of the consequences of the wider understanding of the principles of a sound social philosophy, to which we may look forward with confidence that with it will go a more hopeful outlook on the prospects of civilization than has been at all common since the Great War.

But there is a difficulty which the philosophy we have ourselves been sketching raises from the side of the spirit itself as it expresses itself in social life. For the more we press the task that the human spirit imposes upon itself of "bodying forth in society" (to use Carlyle's expression) "the infinitude that is in it," the more we seem to condemn it to a forever unrealizable ideal. There are, indeed, those who try to find in the idea of social progress itself a satisfying end. The French historian of that idea finds in it a "grand manifestation of the human spirit,"[1] and the French philosopher Cournot speaks of it as belonging more closely than any other to the "family of religious ideas" and therefore "more fitted to become the principle of religious faith."[2] But this is to ignore rather than to solve the philosophical problem. The difficulty recurs with its apparently fatal dilemma; either the goal is in its nature something unattainable and man is launched on an endless search, or it is something con-

[1] Delvaille, *Essai sur l'histoire de l'idée de Progrès*, p. 721.
[2] Quoted by Lord Acton in his *History of Freedom and Other Essays*, p. 589.

ceivably attained at a certain time, and Progress itself, and with it "the joy of going on," has ceased to be. We might try to solve the problem here, as has been done in the parallel case of knowledge,[1] by stressing the actual momentary fulfilment in successful social activity. But this by itself is not enough. The fulfilment is seldom or ever what we had hoped for, and even although it were so oftener than it is, we are so made that we cannot rest in it. There is always more to be done. In the end we are unsatisfied. I believe that here, as in the case of knowledge, the true solution consists in revising the ordinary idea of the end of spiritual endeavour as something merely in the future. It is true that the perfect society and the system of perfected wills on which it rests is an ideal unrealizable on earth—one, moreover, which, if realized, would mean stagnation of the social life—but it is not true that it is impossible for us to recognize features of it as constituting the substance of the society that *is* or to identify ourselves with that substance. If there is any meaning in the phrase "living in the spirit," it can be nothing else than this self-identification with the best as the most real. But the full scope of this answer can only be seen when taken in connexion with a further aspect of the life of the spirit, which remains to be considered.

[1] See below, VII, § 3.

VI

RELIGION

Religion occupies an entirely different place in the life of to-day from that held by such other forms of spiritual activity as knowledge, art, and social morality. While these are prominent and growing factors, religion has all the appearance of decay. The two phenomena, moreover, seem to be partly connected with each other. It is just the growth of the knowledge of Nature and the multitudinous new social interests of the life around us—including music, drama, and picture—that seem to be mainly responsible for the fading out of religious belief and the crowding out of religious observance. Philosophy, moreover, instead of coming to the support of its ancient comrades, religion and theology, looks more like becoming their supplanter. M. Guyau wrote a book some twenty years ago under the title *L'irreligion de l'avenir*, which has all the air of prophecy. In the title of Mr. Cornford's suggestive book, *From Religion to Philosophy*, we seem to find the sentence already passed.

Before coming to the issue that is thus raised it might be well to say a word as to what in such a matter philosophy may and what it cannot be expected to do.

Philosophy cannot make a man religious any more than ethics can make him virtuous or logic make him a lover of the truth. Religion as the sense of divinity in the world of Nature and of man is as unique an attitude of mind or form of experience as is the sense of duty or the love of truth. Philosophy may seek to analyse and to criticize it, but can neither give it nor take it away, far less take its place. But this is not to say that philosophy has nothing to say or no help to give on the subject. The poet is no doubt right when he "asks not proud philosophy" to teach him what the object of religion is, but there is a humble as well as a proud philosophy, which may be able to serve religion in other ways short of teaching what it is—in two in particular which have their parallel in ethics.

1. While moral experience has independent roots of its own and may in the end be trusted to find its own justification, yet theory and practice are far too intimately united in the life of the spirit to be entirely unaffected by each other. False theories of the nature of the good are bound sooner or later to affect the attitude of the will to good. There have, of course, been great and good men in every school of ethics. Even the worst theories are interpreted *in modo recipientis*—after the manner of a man's own heart and mind—and a good man may find sustenance in a bad theory. But there can be no doubt that in the average man conscience may be confused and the whole outlook

on life darkened by superficial theories of the nature and significance of moral good. It is the same with religion. The age of faith, if it ever existed, is long past. Ours is the age of reflection. Theory and practice—at least in the West—are inseparable, and the views that are held as to the nature of God and what it means to do His Will cannot but reflect themselves in men's attitude to these objects and the conduct they inspire. Under these circumstances philosophy may perform a very real service in separating that which is essential to the reality of religious experience from the external forms and adjuncts which have got mixed up with it, and which the advance of science and philosophy is making every day more incredible.

2. The consideration of the blight that has been cast on religion in the past by undue attachment to these adjuncts leads to a second and even deeper sense in which philosophy may be of service to religion. Who can say that religion has not suffered in the past and does not still suffer, from overgrowths of superstition, narrowness and intolerance in its devotees, or that the wider view of man and his world to which philosophy invites us may not have a service to perform in broadening its outlook, smoothing its asperities and sweetening its temper? If philosophy is, as Aristotle defines it, nothing else than "thought in itself," that is, thought in its essential form, and if, as he also says, "thought in itself deals with the object which is best

in itself—the supreme with the supreme," it is impossible to think that such thought can fail to affect the feeling that attaches to the Best, and the action that seeks to realize it in the world.

Whether anything that is here said can be of assistance in either of the two respects just mentioned you will decide for yourselves. It is offered not as anything new, but merely as an application to present circumstances of what has been said over and over again by thinkers of many schools, though I think most clearly and effectively by those who represent that best part of the heritage at once of Greece and of Christian theology which a great writer has called the Platonic Tradition.[1]

Of the multitudinous definitions of religion, one of the simplest and best is the *lifting of the heart to something thought of as in its own nature worshipful, and the identification of oneself with it in thought, will, and affection.* Assuming, as perhaps we may after what has been already said, that the general question is no longer of the reality of the life of spirit as we have described it, but of its implications, we may state the specific questions before us in the form: (1) Whether there is anything in that life that seems to carry it beyond itself and that might be interpreted as such a worshipful object. (2) Whether, if there is, it is merely some projection of the mind's own inner life, or whether

[1] See Dean Inge's *The Platonic Tradition in English Religious Thought.*

it points to some reality which is the source and necessary ground of this self-transcending movement. (3) If the latter is the case, how religious experience is related to other forms of the life of the spirit. Is it something entirely different from them or is it continuous with them, albeit on a different plane? (4) What light do the answers to these questions throw upon the difficulties in which we find ourselves involved with regard to the satisfyingness of these other forms? Finally, what of the satisfyingness of our account of religious experience itself?

(1) The answer to the first of these questions may perhaps be taken as already having been given in what has been said[1] of the nature not only of spiritual but of all life. Wherever we have life we have always that which is being carried beyond itself, and that in two senses or directions. Individual living things are for ever renewing themselves by their reactions to their environment, of which the assimilation of nourishment is the most obvious. This they do because they are parts of a larger world—call it what we will, Nature, Being, the Universe of Reality—of which self and environment are the two poles. The fact of the organic unity of Nature is no longer a speculation of idealist philosophers. It may be said to be the breath of modern science. Physicists as well as biologists appeal to it. If the electrons of our body could feel, they would

[1] Above, IV.

feel that they were not isolated atoms, but were continuous with the substance of the universe, and united us with the farthest stars. But in the case of living things, at any rate, there is something more. They are moments in the life of the race, and go beyond themselves in the reproduction of their like, "attaining immortality, not in themselves but in the species"—"like runners handing on the torch of life." The city of Los Angeles has taken this cosmic motto for its new Public Library. And it is right, for human life illustrates the same principle, only at a higher level, and the life of knowledge is just such a continual self-transcendence. Truth is for ever being carried beyond the life of the moment, renewing itself from the wider world of fact and linking itself with the spirit of the ages in the past and the future. And it does so for two reasons: first, because the seeker after truth feels himself the bearer of a life that is greater than his own—consumed by a passion for that which is not and consuming himself in the effort to attain it—dying to live; and second, because he can identify himself with this larger life, think of it as his own by anticipation. In the life of practice it is the same. The pulse of it is what we call desire. We live by *longing*—at the lower levels in a manner not much different from that of the lower animals, though even here, as we have seen, there is something more which "makes all the difference," so that even here it might be said that

we live not merely by desire, but by *admiration*. And we do this because we are the bearers of a life that is greater than our own, sharers and joint-workers in maintaining and extending an order of individual and social life that is always making new demands upon us, requiring the death of the old that it may live to the new. People speak, and rightly enough, of the moment at which an individual recognizes and accepts this for the law of his life as "the new birth." But he could not recognize and accept it if it had not in a sense been that law all along and been in part at least accepted by him. "Conversion," as we are always told, is rather the climax of a process that has already been silently going on than a sudden transformation without previous preparation.

It is for this reason that we seem justified in concluding to the presence in human life of the idea of a completeness and perfection not only unrealized, but in its nature unrealizable under the conditions of finite existence.

(2) But it may still be held that this is a *mere* idea, the creation of the human spirit itself—the source, indeed, of its progressive movement in thought and practice, and so far real—but itself having its source in the finite mind and in the end merely ideal. The question so stated has taken acute form in modern philosophy. The negative contention allies itself with the subtle form of Idealism associated with the recent develop-

ments of philosophy in Italy. An attractive feature in this philosophy from the point of view of these lectures is its protest against the common notion that reality is to be sought in the world of external objects given in sense perception instead of in the work of the spirit in its constantly renewed effort after self-completion. On the other hand, the attempt to treat the reference to an infinite which we have found to be involved in all spiritual activity as merely a projection of the human mind itself, in the end to be subordinated to it in a true "concrete" philosophy, seems to involve the denial of one whole side of the work of the spirit, as we seem bound to interpret it.

It is, of course, impossible here to enter into any detailed criticism of so important a development of modern philosophy, and what I say of it must have an air of dogmatism. Much as I feel the attraction of this delicately poised construction of Italian genius so sympathetically expounded by Professor Wildon Carr,[1] I do not think it likely to satisfy the masculine common sense which is the main feature of modern philosophy, and that for two reasons: *First*, because of the injustice it seems to do to Nature and History by resolving the former into "the product of past thought,"[2] and denying the substantial reality of the past which the latter represents. Thought, as we have maintained, can

[1] See his translation of Croce's *Il Spirito*.
[2] Ruggiero's phrase in *Modern Philosophy*, p. 360.

never be merely creative. Unless it is the revelation of what is not merely human thought, it is nothing. So of history: unless somehow the past (and for the matter of that the future) is as real as the present, it is difficult to see what reality there can be in the present itself—the mere momentary point of transition, as Carlyle called it, between two eternities. In the *second* place, and bearing particularly on the subject before us, it fails to do justice to the religious consciousness, to which it is forced by its own logic to give an interpretation which wholly belies all we know of it as an actual practical experience. The infinite as an object of devotion is opposed by this philosophy to the subject as finite, and religion is interpreted to mean the entire loss of the subject in the object, as in the mystic's ecstasy. It is true that in all religion there is an element of mysticism. In it we feel ourselves at one with what is greater than ourselves. But this is only one side of the experience. In feeling ourselves one with what is greater, we are not melted into it as the mystic would have us believe. In healthy normal religious experience the worshipper feels himself strengthened in the centre of his being. When, therefore, Gentile (perhaps the leading representative of this point of view) declares "Where God is we are not,"[1] and quotes St. Paul's "I desire to depart and be with Christ" as though it meant "I desire to be absorbed," he is following

[1] "L'essere di Dio e il nostro non-essere" (*Discorsi di Riligione*, p. 78).

indeed the logic of his own system, but he is falsifying St. Paul's own witness that to have Christ formed in him was not to be "dissolved," but "to be able to do all things."[1]

So far, then, from regarding it as possible to treat the idea of the Infinite which is implied in the life of the spirit as merely a phase of its own subjective thought, I think that it may be shown to be impossible to give a true account of any of its phases—theoretic, practical, or religious—except on the assumption of the objective reality of that which is working in it.

(3) We have taken the sense of belonging to a larger life, to a Whole, ultimately to *the* Whole, to be a part of all life from the lowest to the highest. In human life we have seen in this the root of religion, for here it becomes conscious and appears as a going out of the soul to something beyond itself, which is at the same time conceived of as not only akin to, but of the very essence of the self. This great Beyond will be thought of, and as a matter of fact has been thought of (as the history of religions shows) in different ways according to the stage of the soul's development. At the lower it will be thought of in terms of the physical life as taking some arbitrarily selected form: a stock

[1] The Vulgate is *desiderium habeo dissolvi* (Phil. i. 23). *Cp.* 2 Cor. xii. 10, "I rather glory in my weaknesses that the strength of Christ may rest upon me; for when I am weak, then am I strong." It seems a pity to rest so much on a mistranslation.

or a stone, an animal, later as an idealized man. With the advance of knowledge and the explicit appearance in consciousness of what I have called third-dimensional elements, it is these that are taken as supplying the clue to the nature of the Whole, and that lead to its being conceived of in terms of the perfections which are the completion of the life of the spirit. This step has long ago been taken, at least in the theologies of all the higher forms of religion both in the East and in the West. The Divine is the perfect in knowledge, goodness, and love.

It is this continuity of religion with what is most characteristic of human life which I would suggest as the key to what modern philosophy has to say about religion, and particularly to the solution of the recurring problem of the power of its characteristic activities to *satisfy*. So conceived, religion appears not as something different from these activities, but as just these activities suffused with the sense of that in which they are themselves grounded.

(4) The problem of the satisfyingness of the intellectual life is set, we have seen, by the discovery of its apparent endlessness and consequent *un*satisfyingness. So long as we remain merely in the attitude of search (and this is the attitude of all science) there is no solution. Achievement and the sense of progress that goes with it bring momentary satisfaction. A shell has been picked up from the beach, a pool has been enclosed

from the ocean;[1] but that is all. An endless task remains. But the endlessness is only one side of the truth. Modern occupation with science has given prominence to it. But there is another side. By the power of the spirit it is possible to see the whole in the part. By the eye of faith it is possible

> To see the world in a grain of sand,
> And a heaven in a wild flower,
> Hold infinity in the palm of our hand,
> And eternity in an hour.

The older philosophers knew this. It is part of the great tradition I have spoken of. With Plato to see everything in the light of the good, with Spinoza to see it *sub specie aeternitatis*, with Hegel to see it as a moment in the unfolding of the Idea, was to see it in its truth, or as it is to the thought of God. It is in such a vision that the truth-seeker passes from science to religion, as when Kepler exclaimed, "O God! I think Thy thoughts after Thee," or when Aristotle describes the life of contemplation as "the service of God." Science, we might say, paraphrasing a saying of Bosanquet's, believes that truth is real, religion that nothing else is real. This perhaps might appear to be

[1] As in the well-known story of St. Augustine and the child with his sand-spade, immortalized in Botticelli's picture. With these old comparisons we may put J. H. Jeans's statement in *Nature*, December 4, 1926, Supplement, p. 38: "Like the animalculæ of the raindrop looking out on to Niagara, we discern that our physics and chemistry are only the fringes of far-reaching sciences; beyond the sea-shore we have explored in our laboratories lies the ocean the existence of which we are only just beginning to suspect."

an exaggeration. Reality includes more than truth in the narrow sense of the word. But in the atmosphere of the faith of which I am speaking, the narrower easily expands into the wider and truth coalesces with goodness and beauty. Even in the narrower sense of theoretic truth there can be no true religion of which faith in its claim to the soul's allegiance is not a part.

What is true of knowledge is true of morality. So long as we remain at the level of duty, life appears in the form of an endless struggle with evil in ourselves and in the world. The better a man is the more he feels the conflict between the flesh and the spirit. It is possible again to stress this as though it were all, after the manner of the Stoic and Kantian ethics. But again it is an error which is apt to show itself in the reaction of the wearied spirit against it:

> What pleasure can we have
> To war with evil? Is there any peace
> In ever climbing up the climbing wave?

If this is all, then the true conclusion undoubtedly is:

> Give us long rest or death, dark death or dreamless ease.

But again it is not all, and there is another way of escape than annihilation. For it is just what is most characteristic of spirit that it can identify itself with, and so share in, a perfection which it can never in itself completely realize, and in so doing feel itself more truly alive. "Morality," we might say, paraphrasing

Bosanquet again, "believes that goodness is real religion, that nothing else is," and in support of it we might include Bradley's insistence that all religion is "practical." It *is* practical, and there is little solidity in any religion that does not mean the union of the human with the divine *Will*. But unless by "practical" we mean merely "active," this is too narrow for the Whole. Besides its practical, religion has a contemplative side. There are Hymns to Beauty as well as Odes to Duty, and the two are not so far apart as is sometimes supposed.

As a last illustration we may take what has been said of social life. In it the life of the individual attains a new strength and solidity. This has been felt by the best minds, and may be said to be the keynote of the practical philosophy of our time. There are those, as we have seen, who try to make a religion of the idea of social perfection. But the abstraction will not bear reflection. In the perfection of society we meet the same "climbing wave" as in the perfection of the individual. We can be even less certain in regard to it than in the case of the individual that there is any real progress at all. John Stuart Mill could doubt whether, with all the progress that his time boasted of, men were really happier or better, and the doubt has spread like a cloud over our own time. I do not think the doubt is reasonable. Belief in the reality of progress is the very life-breath of the civic spirit. But, if it ended

there, this spirit would lack its truest inspiration. It is only as the statesman and reformer can see in society as it is the manifestation in time of a society "not seen as yet," perhaps never to be seen by the bodily eye at all, yet containing the substance of the things that are seen or hoped for, that he can carry on in spite of manifold failure and disappointment.

The point of view thus suggested should be of particular interest to California. It was the thesis of the greatest of Californian teachers of philosophy, the late Josiah Royce,[1] that "the essence of Christianity depends upon regarding the being which the early Christian Church believed itself to represent as the true source through loyalty of the salvation of man."[2] The "Beloved Community" was Royce's name for the invisible society, the communion of the saints, in all times and all countries. He believed that this was unfolding itself in time, but it had for him a reality beyond time. He believed, I think, moreover, that it was not only real, but the only reality. Perhaps it is necessary that men should hold to these exclusive realities in order that they may give enthusiastic expression to the part of the truth which it is given them to lay hold of. But I believe that Royce exaggerates his part. Divinity manifests itself in other ways than in a society of just men, however perfect their justice. Beyond society there is the universe of truth and

[1] See *The Problem of Christianity.*

[2] *Op. cit.*, Preface.

beauty, continuous, indeed, with the world of human society, but of wider scope and forming the ground of what is best in it. What would a society be in which faith in these things failed? Yet it is true that those who do not know God as He manifests Himself in social justice and love—not as things in the future to be gradually established upon earth, but as the substance of society as it is now, and having their roots in an order other than that of time—know Him not at all.

I have tried to show that in whatever of its main aspects you take the life of the spirit, it deepens in your hands and leads you beyond what it seems at first to be and to contain. Each of them leads to a view of itself as rooted in a form of being deeper and more comprehensive in which it finds its completion. Such a view, coupled with belief in the reality of this being, I call religion—the only religion credible to the modern mind. I do not think it matters from which side men take hold of life. If they are sufficiently serious with any one side of it they will find it expanding so as to include the others. "Truth is beauty, beauty truth," and there is nothing of either where there is not goodness and love.

(5) There is no real difficulty in all this. But there is a difficulty in the account I have just given of religion that is likely to suggest itself if I were to stop here. For some will feel that any account of religion is

incomplete and unsatisfying that omits all reference to the personal element. Religion to them is the sense of a personal presence sustaining, inspiring, assisting them, with whom they may enter into communication and to whom they may direct their worship. The personality of God is too large a question to introduce here. It is keenly controversial, as you know, and I have been anxious in these lectures to keep within the limits of what there is some general agreement upon in modern philosophy. But within these limits there are one or two things that may be said which may prove helpful without being dogmatic.

The first is that, knowing so little as we do of the meaning and limits of human personality, yet knowing that it is real and the highest reality of which we have experience, we need lay no ban on conceiving of God after the analogy of it. Goethe was a pantheist, yet it was he who said that "we cannot be too anthropomorphic" in our idea of God. Though much that goes by the name of theism is to-day unacceptable, there is room for belief in God as a personal presence on two conditions: *First*, that truth and goodness shall be conceived of as the essence of His being. We are to believe in His commands because we believe in these things; we are not to believe in these things because we believe that He has commanded them. *Secondly*, that we do not look for that "presence" in something coming in from the outside instead of something that

wells up from within the best things that we know in life: beauty, goodness, and, above all, what the author of the Fourth Gospel calls love. It we cannot find it in these things we shall not be able to find it at all. In a letter to an intimate friend on the subject of the Personal Presence, Nettleship wrote:

"The only strength for me is to be found in the sense of personal presence everywhere, it scarcely matters whether it be called human or divine—a presence which only makes itself felt at first in this and that particular form and feature. Into this presence we come, not by leaving behind what are usually called earthly things, or by loving them less, but by living more intensely in them and loving more what is really lovable in them; for it is literally true that this world *is* everything to us, if only we choose to make it so, if only we 'live in the present' *because* it is eternity."

Perhaps it is given to few to maintain so fine a balance between belief in a personal deity and belief in something greater than personality as we know it; but this only shows that religion in the proper sense of the word, like other gifts of the spirit, is a creation from within as well as a revelation from without. The part that falls to us is the more intense living and loving of which the writer speaks; the other part may be safely left to the action of the world, whether as Nature, Man, or God.

VII

THE LIFE OF KNOWLEDGE[1]

I

I FEEL it an honour to have been asked to give the Annual Address to the members and friends of this society. You who are assembled here represent not only knowledge in all its chief departments, but also the life devoted to knowledge in all its aspects: as students of the knowledge already acquired, as communicators of it to others, as seekers after new knowledge, as inspirers and trainers of those who will succeed you in the next generation, "like runners handing on the torch of life."

In each of these aspects you are the inheritors of a great tradition that stretches back to the time of Plato. What differentiates you here on the Pacific coast, in the twentieth century of grace, from your predecessors on the Mediterranean, four centuries before Christ, is, in the first place, the immense extension of the outlook of knowledge beyond anything they had any idea of, corresponding to the boundlessness of your ocean as compared with their land-locked sea, and, in the second

[1] Address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in Berkeley, May 5, 1927.

place, the public and universal recognition of knowledge represented by the noble State-provision for it. In view of these advantages one might have expected the modern bearers of this tradition, as a body, to be filled with a new sense of the spiritual significance of the life to which they are devoting themselves, and, as individuals, to be filled with a new joy in having an assigned place in the great torchlight race. Yet one only requires to have had the opportunity of listening to the conversation of students and teachers in such agora-like places as the Students' Union and the Faculty Club to realize how far this is from being the case. On the contrary, one is apt to find oneself in an atmosphere of secret misgiving and even open confession that all is not well with the commonwealth of learning. In spite of the extension and public recognition of which I have spoken, a spirit of pessimism has crept into it, contrasting strangely with that of former days, subtly poisoning the joy and destroying the confidence which they ought to have increased. I might apply the witty definition I recently quoted in another connexion to the present subject.[1] There is a great cry about knowledge. One hears its praises everywhere sung, especially in the eminent form of it that we call science. But those who have the handling of the article at its source are coming to think that the cry is about something entirely different from what they understand by it, and

[1] See p. 37.

that it is the application of it to their own convenience or enrichment and not the thing itself that is the object of popular esteem.

In view of this contrast, I have thought that I could not do better than use this opportunity to try to say something which, if not new, would be sincere, and I hope true, in the first place as to the main causes of these misgivings and in the second place as to the extent to which they seem to me to be justified in view either of what is most characteristic of modern thought in its dealings with the world or of the real nature and end of knowledge.

II

As regards the causes, we are met at once with the paradox that it is just those features of the modern world which we should have expected to give a new confidence that are in large degree the source of the present misgivings. For (to speak first of the first of them) there is a widespread suspicion that the general recognition of which I spoke has its source in men's interest in what Bacon called "the fruits of knowledge," rather than any respect for knowledge itself. What leaps to the eyes is men's interest in the application of knowledge for the exploitation of Nature's resources and for the increase of efficiency in the manipulation of them that is called "business." It looks as though it were this, and not any interest in the increase of

knowledge as an aim in itself, that is the characteristic mark of the modern spirit. It is an industrial age, and to carry industry to the highest point of perfection by the aid of the instruments and methods which science alone can provide is the chief object and endeavour of the generation on whom the ends of the world have come. There are, of course, notable exceptions both in individuals and in groups. Among large sections of the working classes, for instance (certainly in England, of which alone I have a right to speak, but I believe also in America), there is a deep resentment against this utilitarian spirit, founded on an equally deep presentiment that life is given for quite different ends. But a materialism of this kind is fatally infectious. Even of the more radical working-class spirit Spengler, the text of whose great book on *The Decline of the West* is that Materialism and Modernism are identical, writes: "Materialism and Socialism are only artificially and on the surface separable."[1] There would therefore seem to be more than sufficient reason to distrust the quality of the zeal that has led to the endowment of these great institutions and to dread the extent to which the business spirit may spread to the laboratory, the study, and the lecture-room, and undermine the purity of the great tradition which is the glory of this and all other university systems.

But the spread of a materialism of this kind in industrial populations would not of itself be a sufficient

[1] English translation, i, p. 370.

explanation of the *malaise* of which I am speaking. It might still be held by those who reflect upon it that the domination of men's minds by business interests, which is so marked a feature of the time, is merely a passing phase or fashion of city life and that fashions are notoriously changeable. One might easily enough conceive of a generation growing up (as a business man said to me the other day) which would look back upon the present excessive addiction to "business" as we ourselves look back on the excessive addiction of our ancestors to drink and gambling. But an optimism of this kind could be founded only on such a view of the real ends of human life as Spengler himself, in spite of his pessimism with regard to the present phase of Western civilization, still holds, as consisting of an "inward fulfilment," of which knowledge and contemplation are essential, independent elements. But this is just what the most authoritative and popular philosophy of the time seems to forbid us to hold. Ages and countries are apt to have the philosophies (as they are said to have the Governments) which they deserve, and the rise in America and the spread to Europe of a philosophy which, so far from repudiating this form of materialism, seems to have blessed it altogether, is one of the most significant of the signs of the time.

I am far from attributing the bundle of ambiguities and banalities that sometimes passes current for Pragmatist philosophy to the great writers whose names are commonly associated with its rise and present vogue.

Men like William James and John Dewey doubtless shared a certain impatience with what, to more active spirits, seemed to be the academic abstractions of European thought. They resented the subjection of the free play of mind and will to what seemed to them a straight-laced logic that refused the right of free movement along any line in which the rails had not been laid down by scientific methods of proof. But they have clearly shown that they had no intention of denying the mind's allegiance to purely intellectual standards or man's supreme interest in logical consistency. William James, at any rate, was ready to maintain that "the mind was tightly wedged in between the coercions of the sensible and those of the ideal," and that "after man's interest in breathing freely, the greatest of all his interests (because it never fluctuates or remits, as most of his physical interests do) is his interest in consistency. We tirelessly compare truth with truth for this very purpose." If James still insisted on the limitations of the life of knowledge, it was not so much to exalt the life of practice over against it as to emphasize (as any right-thinking philosophy must) the wholeness of life as including elements of feeling and will as well as of knowledge: elements that require to be harmonized with one another in any life that is truly human.

But it is the misfortune of philosophers that their words and theories pass into currency *in modo recipientis* rather than *in modo communicantis*. What by them is

given out as the correction of a partial, one-sided view becomes in their followers only another one-sidedness. In the present case the philosophy which sought for a better and more comprehensive logic was taken as dispensing the mind from any allegiance to logic at all; one that sought greater scope for action was taken as a denial of the independent value of contemplation. It was only a further step along the same path of misunderstanding when, by the less wary still, James's *Will to Believe*[1] was turned into Believe what you Will, and when, seeing that what they willed to believe was the call of the time to be instant in business serving themselves, they were ready to find in prevalent philosophical slogans an endorsement of their own narrow outlook upon life.

In the second place, starting from the very extent of modern knowledge and touching a deeper level of reflection still than that just referred to, yet making for the same distrust of knowledge itself as an independent, self-satisfying object, we have a growing sense of the essential unrealizableness of its ideals.

We have recently been celebrating the bicentenary of Sir Isaac Newton's death. In the multitudinous articles that have appeared about him nothing occurred more frequently than his great saying about himself: "I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the

[1] The book in which the standard of Pragmatism may be said to have been first raised in America in 1897.

sea-shore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the whole great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me." But it is not merely the vastness of the as yet undiscovered truth that impresses the modern student; rather it is the provisionalness and the temporariness of any resting-place in the search for it—a search in which the one thing that seems certain is that the knowledge you now think you have will be superseded and what you think is reality will turn out to be mere appearance. I believe that this consideration has entered deeply into the minds of the most thoughtful students of the day and is the source of a widespread scepticism as to the possibility of finding any real satisfaction in the life of knowledge. I have heard the argument most ably put from this very platform and supported by examples of the dissatisfaction and continual restlessness, of which the lives of some of the great truth-seekers (Descartes, Leibniz, Schopenhauer, even our own eponymous hero Berkeley) have been the victims. Lessing (as in his famous allegory of the angel with the possession of truth in one hand, the search for it in the other) might be content to choose the search, but his choice must always remain a paradox and in the end a confession of the inherent illusoriness of the life of knowledge.

It is to such deep-going causes as these, when added to the patent facts of our time, that I believe we must

attribute the misgivings as to the place of knowledge, deepening often into a complete scepticism as to whether it has any independent place or even reality of its own, that afflict the present generation of scholars. The question I wish to raise and try to answer within the limits of my space is whether the challenge thus conveyed can be answered. I need hardly say that I should not have raised the question, but should have been content to let sleeping dogs (even one in so restless a slumber as this) lie if I did not believe that it could be answered at least to some extent in an affirmative sense.

III

A complete answer would involve a whole philosophy of knowledge for which, even though I felt myself capable of it, this is obviously not the place. But there are certain plain facts with regard to the present tendencies of thought and to what is most characteristic of the modern mind in its dealings with the world of experience that may be appealed to in support of a more hopeful view of the whole subject than that which I have been trying to describe. For with regard to the whole movement of modern knowledge, however largely its practical applications bulk in the popular imagination, I believe that it is an entire mistake to take this as its deepest aspect.

What I believe is most characteristic of the modern mind as contrasted with the mediaeval (or however we may choose to designate the attitude of former days) is in the first place the *freedom* with which it asserts its right to go where it will in the search for truth, undeterred by the taboos as to what might or might not be known and uttered which once hedged it round, and secondly (what is only a special application of the first), the obstinate determination to do justice to *all* aspects of experience, however apparently divergent, by finding a point of view from which they may be harmonized with one another without compromise or loss. Not practicality, but freedom and catholicity: these two constitute the essence of the modern mind.

1. I have already quoted Spengler. One of his most striking contrasts is that between the ancient mind, which he characterizes as Apollinian, and the mediaeval, which he calls Faustinian. But as regards knowledge, at any rate, the latter term is unfortunate. The Faust legend just stands for the break with all the taboos and distinctions of mediaeval thought. Dr. Faustus was the first modern mind—the mind that seeks to affirm its standards in every department of knowledge and to reach like the heavens from end to end of its world. How magnificently this self-affirmation of mind has been justified by modern science needs no telling here, where its empire, from the roots of the world in the atom to its summit in the remotest stars, is so clearly in

evidence. The question is no longer whether the law of the mind shall find itself reflected as convincingly in the material as in the spiritual world, but rather whether there is anything at all corresponding to the spiritual or divine knowledge of which mediaeval logicians spoke. This from the point of view of the present address is an important—*the* important—question, and I propose to return to it later.

What I wish here to emphasize is that if we are going to speak of anything as the pervading spirit of modern knowledge, it is not to be found in its servitude to practice in any narrow sense of the word, but in its discovery that man has only to remain true to the law of his own thought to discover this law written in the innermost as in the outermost recesses of the world that is revealed to the senses. That *part* of this vast empire can be turned to what Bacon calls the "relief of man's estate" is indeed an added glory, but it is at best only a part of the whole glory. The empire of space, represented by astronomy, and the empire of time, represented by the theory of evolution, have little or nothing to do with practice in any recognizable sense of the word, though, of course, they have much to do with the enlargement and enrichment of the life of the mind. It is for this reason among others that, viewing our subject in its wider aspects, it is possible to regard the pragmatical interpretation of scientific knowledge as narrow and one-sided, an illustration of

the parochialism that mistakes the village pump for the Pierian Spring.

In the light of such a view of the life of the mind we can afford to do justice to the truth contained in Pragmatism while recognizing its limitations. It may very well be that, in an age marked as ours is by the victories of the logical intelligence, the Will has failed to get its rights and Pragmatism may have done well to seek to reassert for it a place in the sun. But to do this is one thing, to seek to subordinate knowledge and feeling to the standards of practical efficiency in the world as we know it to-day, "confounding," as we might say in the old theological language, "the substances," is quite another. The strong point of Pragmatism is the connexion between science and production. But this is also its snare. Whether knowledge in its origin is a function of man's interest in doing and making or whether it has independent roots of its own, as in instinctive curiosity, may be a question. But even though it had no such roots, to make the initial phase of a thing the standard of its ultimate value can only be set down as a blunder of principle. When, therefore, Dewey assures us in pragmatical vein[1] that "to regard the eye as primarily an observer of things" (he means as contrasted with its use as an instrument of survival) "is as crass as to assign that function to a camera," it is sufficient to reply: If by "primarily" is meant "in its

[1] In *Creative Intelligence.*

origin," it may be possible to agree, but that has nothing to do with what Bacon in the passage already quoted calls "the last and furthest end" of the eye—that which gives it value in the world of conscious spirit.[1] Needless to say there is no attempt at consistency. In the same essay we hear of "the intrinsic value of being informed with intelligence for the enrichment of life." If it be said that "for the enrichment of life" is still compatible with an instrumentalist view of knowledge, we have only to ask wherein this enrichment consists. Does it include being "informed with intelligence" as to the whole choir of heaven and the furniture of earth and as to the long history and present fortunes of the race of our fellow-men? Or is all this only instrumental to something else that falls outside of it? In the former case the distinction between means and end has fallen away (as it is constantly doing in the life of the spirit); in the latter we are in flagrant conflict with obvious fact. From these ambiguities it is a relief to turn to the fine simplicity of the carefully worded sentences with which Aristotle prefaces his great work on *Metaphysics*:

All men by nature desire to know; an indication of which is the delight we take in our senses: for even apart from their use-

[1] The illustration of the camera seems singularly unfortunate. Whether the camera came into use to serve some "practical" purpose, to aid scientific investigation or for the aesthetic "observation" of objects, is a question of the history of invention. But the dogma that rules out any but practical values is refuted by every snapshot that the tourist takes with his kodak.

fulness they are loved for themselves, and, above all others, the sense of sight. For not only with a view to action, but even when we are not going to do anything, we prefer sight to almost everything else. And the reason is that this of all the senses makes us know.

Aristotle's lyrical account in the *Ethics* of the Contemplative Life as not only of intrinsic value, but in the end as of sole value, may be the exaggeration of an enthusiast, but it may fairly be set against the opposite exaggeration which denies to it any intrinsic value at all.

2. What thus comes home to us from the point of view of the extension of knowledge comes home with equal convincingness from the side of what, for want of a better word, I should call the concreteness of modern thought. As contrasted again with former periods, the modern mind is essentially synthetic. It seeks to unite elements of experience formerly separated and made to occupy entirely different worlds. It must have *one* world or none at all.

(i) In no field is this more clearly illustrated than in the elements of human nature itself, which we are accustomed to think of as lower and higher, natural and spiritual: on the one hand instinct, appetite, and passion, on the other reason and conscience. Between these the modern science of mind is pledged to find continuity. This contention might seem to support the view that makes the life of the spirit the outcome of the blind struggle for existence, with no claim to any

autonomous life of its own, and to be precisely that which supplies the basis of the pessimism of which I am speaking. But I believe that this would be an entire misreading of the situation. Continuity in the world of mind, as in the world of matter, there must be. There is every evidence that the mind of man is a development of mind as we find it in the animals. But there is a point at which it is the mind of a *man* and not the mind of an animal. Psychologists may differ as to what that point is, but the important thing is that, in the terminology of the newer thought on the subject, it has "emerged" and that its origin (whatever that may have been) is not the measure of what it is or may become once it has emerged. From this point of view it is a far truer rendering of the situation to read back into what has gone before the germ of what has come after —to find the first stirring of the life of the spirit in instinct and appetite—than to try to resolve it into the blind splutterings that we know (so far as we know them at all) under these names. This does not mean that we are to find in instinct and impulse instances of lapsed intelligence (though this view has been held by high authorities), but rather that we should regard them as sleeping intelligence. Like the heart, instinct has its reasons, which it is the function of consciousness, when it arrives upon the scene, to elicit from them. It is in this sense that I should find in modern psychology another illustration of what I have claimed

as characteristic of modern thought in general—the power to find its own image and superscription wherever it finds anything at all.

(ii) It is the same lesson in respect to the different elements of which modern psychology discovers human consciousness to consist—the different modes of its self-affirmation as knowledge, feeling, and will. We are committed to the recognition of their continuity with one another. Wherever you have one you have the other. But none the less we are committed to their difference from one another. At the level of consciousness this means the recognition of the difference of the mind's ideals of truth, beauty, and goodness. However the poet in his enthusiasm for one of them may declare that "beauty is truth, truth beauty," however the moralist may insist that "virtue is knowledge," each of these great objects, each exercise of the mind in pursuit of them, has a nature of its own which it is only a mutilation of the life of the spirit to deny. The use of these aphorisms is merely to remind us that wherever we have mind really in action we have the whole mind and not merely some part of it. To have great art you must have great and true knowledge; to have great knowledge or a great grasp of truth you must have a deep feeling for harmony and a deep-going will to understand. If we allow ourselves to speak of the identity of truth and beauty, or of knowledge and goodness, it is only by reading more into the

words "truth" and "knowledge" than is commonly understood by them, not by reading less.

(iii) It is in the light, finally, of such concreteness that we must read the relation of the real or actual and the ideal. From the time of Plato the problem of the antithesis between actual and ideal in knowledge and action has been a central one in philosophy. It has been solved alternately by denying the reality of the ideal and by denying the reality of the actual. Modern thought recognizes that we must have both if we are to have any world at all. On the one hand we must have time and place existence: there must be a *here* and a *now*; on the other hand, every here and now that is given to sense has its complement in a world of past and future in time, and of the absent in space which is only given (or taken) in idea. This is true even of the physical world, and physicists are coming more and more to recognize the "relativity" (which is only another word for the ideality) of space and time. When someone quoted to Carlyle the dictum that a thing can only act where it is, he replied: "With all my heart, but where is it?" And the same might be said of location in time. In human life the union of real and ideal leaps to the eyes. Strike into it where you will—streets, houses, nations, States, art, science, religion—everywhere you have things that *exist*, but everywhere you have things that have come into existence and are maintained in existence in time by the ideas and the

wills of men, referring to an order of things which is not in time. Take finally these ideas which are also ideals, and divide them according as they fall under one or the other of the great departments of the mind's life, of which I have already spoken, and you will find that they are related to some one controlling idea of goodness, beauty, or truth which, if not yet in actual possession, is acknowledged (when we think of it at all) as that which alone has the right to be in possession. And it has this right because it is that which the spirit of man is pledged to seek as the alone satisfying. If you ask *why* he *can* seek it, the answer is that he can seek it because, in a certain deep sense, he already possesses it.

Of these ideals the one we are here concerned with is that of true knowledge. In accordance with what has just been said, we can see plainly that it has or gives itself reality in that it has created the vast fabric we know as modern science; and further that, if not *actual*, it is nevertheless *real* to us. As of the Kingdom of Heaven, so of the Kingdom of Truth it may be said, "Behold, it is within you." This has been the great open secret of the mystics both of East and West. It was Pascal who put into the mouth of the Deity the great words: "Thou wouldst not seek me if thou didst not already possess me. Trouble thyself not, then." To the same effect we have the Indian Mystic Kabir: "I laugh when I hear that the fish in the water is thirsty. Perceivest thou not how the god is in thine own house

that thou wanderest from forest to forest? In thy house is the truth. Go where thou wilt, to Benares or to Mathura, if thy soul is a stranger to thee, the whole world is unhomely."[1] If there is any truth in these words (and to me, I confess, they seem to contain all truth), we are justified in looking at the life of knowledge in an entirely different way from that referred to above, seeing that it will be more truly conceived of as the deepening of our grasp on that which we already hold within us than as the pursuit of an ever-retreating phantom or as a travelling toward a world "whose margin fades for ever and for ever as we move."

It is this power which the soul has, of identifying itself with an ideal conceived of as in this sense real, that I would find the answer to the alleged unsatisfyingness of the life of knowledge and the solution of Lessing's dilemma. It is indeed true that the life of knowledge is itself only a part of that fuller life in the unseen which is open to the spirit of man, and, if taken in abstraction from other parts, may well seem smitten and arid; but it is our own fault if we so take it. Taken with the added knowledge of its own limitations, which is a part of wisdom, it may be no less than one way of access into the world of the Unseen, bringing its own deep satisfyingness with it. So, at any rate, the biographies of men, as typical of the seeker after truth as those already mentioned in support of the opposite

[1] Quoted in Robert Bridges' *Spirit of Man.*

contention, show it often to have been. The serenity of a Socrates, a Spinoza, or a Kant is only explicable as the result of a sense that, like a Greater still, they had meat to eat that the world knew not of, and found joy in the life of thought as their way of serving the Unseen. Kepler was content, in his own words, "to think God's thoughts after Him," and Hegel, when reproached by his landlady for not going to church, is said to have replied: "Mein liebes Kind, das Denken ist auch Gottesdienst." Even men who, like Schopenhauer, have felt most bitterly the restlessness of continual endeavour are often only exceptions that prove the rule. It was not in vain that the great pessimist had the image of the Buddha set up in his study. Even he found rest in the truth—albeit that the truth was the denial of what is known in the West by that name.

It is for these reasons, in spite of prevailing pessimism, that I would have you be of good hope of the republic of learning and of good courage as to your own work in it. That work is carried on in a new world like yours, so largely devoted to business, under much that is discouraging. The world wants you to lower your standards to its own. The temptation to yield is great. Many, doubtless unconsciously, some few consciously, yield to it. But I would say two things to you.

First, that you will be judged before the great court of the history of learning by the faithfulness with which you stand for the greatness and intrinsic value of

knowledge; and *second*, that in the end practice itself will not be the loser by such faithfulness; but, as the lower is included in the higher, you will be truest to the practical needs of the world about you (and God knows they are great) by being true to yourselves as scholars. Knowledge has the promise of the world that now is as well as of that which is to come.

When I was asked to give this address the chairman suggested that I should speak on the idealistic movement in philosophy in our own time. I did not take this as my subject, but in all that I have been saying I have only been giving an illustration of what seems to me to be the significance of that philosophy in its application to modern problems. In textbooks it is apt to appear as a wire-drawn theory of knowledge at the beginning and as a disheartening theory of reality—what James called a "block universe"—in the end. To the men to whom the chairman alluded in his introductory remarks as the originators of it in Oxford in the seventies it was something wholly different—nothing less, indeed, than just *the weld between the ideal and the real* of which I have just been speaking. May I end this address by alluding to the one of them who, though not the best known, was perhaps the most representative of them all, and who, if the Phi Beta Kappa Society has a calendar of saints, might well be enrolled in it? Richard Lewis Nettleship was

the leading philosophical Fellow of Balliol College in those days. More than any other he represented the Platonic union of music and gymnastic. He had been a great oar in his time and still rowed in the boat that went by the name of the Ancient Mariners. His lectures on Plato are, I believe, the best extant. He died young, as did so many of that group, including Thomas Hill Green. He was a climber and was overtaken by a storm in the high Alps. He took refuge under an overhanging rock with his guide, whose spirits he kept up by singing all the night through before he succumbed in the morning. He is buried in the churchyard in Chamounix, but there is a plate to his memory in the chapel of his own college. It bears these words: "He loved great things, and thought little of himself: desiring neither fame nor influence, he won the devotion of men and was a power in their lives: and, seeking no disciples, he taught to many the greatness of the world and of man's mind." I do not know of any words that seem to me to better express what ought to be the spirit—the "honour spirit"—of a society such as yours.

VIII

PHILOSOPHY AND POLITICS[1]

I AM to treat of politics as one of the major human interests, ranking with art, science, literature, conduct, religion. Some of these have been thought to have a standing quarrel with philosophy of the kind that Plato mentions as of ancient standing between philosophy and poetry. There is no such ancient quarrel between philosophy and politics. It would indeed be somewhat of a scandal if there were, seeing that politics may be said to have been the father of philosophy. Certain it is that the first complete philosophical treatise which we have, the *Republic* of Plato, had a political motive, and that the same is true of modern English philosophy, where Hobbes's *Leviathan* occupies a similar position. Yet these names are themselves sufficient to suggest a suspicion of the philosopher turned politician, whether as supporter of existing States or as the founder of new. From Plato to Berkeley and the colonists of Brook Farm, philosophers who have attempted to found communities have usually only succeeded in bringing ridicule on themselves and their

[1] Given as one of a series of lectures by the Philosophical Department of the University of California on "Philosophy and Human Interests," December 7, 1927.

cause. On the other hand, when they have come forward as the supporters of existing Governments they have too often, like Machiavelli and Hobbes, been the defenders of despotism and militarism. Even when in what is perhaps a more legitimate rôle they have tried their hand at the reform of States, they have sometimes succeeded only in sowing the wind for themselves or others to reap the whirlwind of revolution. It is no wonder that their speculations in this field have found little favour among practical politicians,[1] most of whom would agree with Wordsworth's judgment upon the philosophers of his time:—

> A few strong instincts and a few plain rules
> Among the herdsmen of the Alps have wrought
> More for mankind in this unhappy day
> Than all the pride of intellect and thought.

If it were worth while, I think it could be shown that this is only one side of the picture, and that from the age of Pythagoras and Solon down to our own time a long list could be drawn up of philosophers who were politicians and have played at least as honourable a part as any other class of men. But it would not be worth while, seeing that the whole question is irrelevant. The aim of philosophy is not to supply rules, whether

[1] "If we had troubled about abstract theories," said Lord Grey the other day, "there would have been no British Empire," and the remark seemed conclusive to the believers in that institution. Others may be reminded by it of the millionaire's remark: "If I had troubled about conscience I should not be here."

good or bad, for the conduct of life, but simply to understand what life in its various aspects means. Such guidance as it gives is the indirect result of this understanding. The question before us is not whether philosophers have been wise or foolish politicians, but whether philosophy has any light to throw upon the interest which each of us has in politics, and particularly upon the meaning and value for modern life of the institution called the State. But before coming to this, and with the view of defining the precise nature of the problem with which we shall be concerned and of relating it to similar problems, I would ask you to consider the larger question of which it is a part.

That philosophy should concern itself explicitly with human interests or things that appeal to feeling and will—in other words, with what have come to be known technically as values—is a relatively new thing. Philosophy has been commonly in the past regarded as a kind of *knowing*—the offshoot or extension of science, and thus merely one among other interests. But recently it has been coming forward in another capacity as the reflective consideration of all interests rather than the guardian of one. There are, indeed, philosophers who (like Mr. Bertrand Russell, at one time at least) have protested against any such extension of its field on the ground that, once admit questions of men's interests (the things they feel about and fight for) into philosophy, and good-bye to the impartiality

of thought. Men will believe what they like to believe in these fields, not what the evidence permits. I do not think that this contention can be maintained; it would prove too much. Truth of thought is itself an interest—the greatest of human interests—and if philosophy is not to inquire into its foundations and validity you would have to say good-bye to any philosophy at all. As a matter of fact, philosophy is entirely within its right and entirely on the right lines in inquiring into the meaning and reality of what it calls values in every field—indeed, I know no better definition of it than the criticism of man's fundamental interests. It seeks to know where their roots lie, what are the legitimate growths from these roots, what is parasite or overgrowth in them. Whatever is true of poetry, philosophy is essentially the criticism of *life* or it is nothing at all. And the reason why this aspect of it has recently come into the foreground is the challenge which has been thrown out by a certain type of thought to have the objective reality of the things men most value vindicated against the claims of facts to exhaust the universe of things.

Men start with a naïve belief in the validity of what I have called their fundamental experiences in knowledge, conduct and creation, founded on a belief in the actual reality of the objects with which these are concerned. Fact and value are not separate. Things they value as true and good, beautiful and worshipful, are

taken to be as really so as the table is hard or large and smooth. At this stage no doubt has yet risen as to the reality of these qualities: it is the age of faith. But reflection will not permit men to rest there, and, once they begin to reflect, one of the earliest distinctions thought makes is between qualities in things which are there, so to speak, on their own right, and qualities which depend upon the mind that apprehends them and which we seem to put there. Secondary qualities, to take the familiar instance, are thus separated from primary as less factual. But beyond the secondary are those others which are sometimes called tertiary, even more remote from the fact and more a matter of subjective feelings—beauty, goodness and truth. In this way the world seems to fall into two, what Royce used to call the "world of description" and the "world of appreciation," the world of fact and the world of values. Science appropriates the one and lets who will take the other. There is no harm but every advantage in this severance. It marks off the field of science, in the special sense of the word, as concerned with the description and concatenation of things and events, both physical and mental, and sets it free to do its work undisturbed by questions of the relation of its facts to the world of values. So long as it keeps to its own business no question need be raised; but its devotees are not always wise enough to do this, and go on to treat what lies outside of what it has selected as the field of

fact as without reality of any kind. Hence along with its positive teaching there is apt to go a large element of negation. Carlyle, who is himself always thinking of values, after praising Mill for what he could get out of facts by logical analysis, said of him that "of the true relations of things in the universe he had small insight or none."[1] This is a dangerous game to play at. Science itself is concerned above all things with the truth. But truth is one thing, fact is another, and if truth for this reason is to be relegated to the world of unreality, what of science will survive? Unfortunately people do not see this. They become confused and seem to themselves, in view of what these authorities are saying, to be driven either to cling desperately and in spite of what reflection seems to force upon them to the reality of their ideals, or to be content to let them fade out of their lives as of no real significance.

It is this situation that gives philosophy its problem. It takes it up not so much where science has left it as where misguided scientists have put it. On the one hand there seems to be the world of fact from which we cannot get away and from which we do not wish to get away; on the other hand are the ideal objects with which morality, art, religion, science itself are concerned and with whose reality in some sense these forms of experience seem to be bound up. What is the relation between them? Is fact everything, and are ideals

[1] D. A. Wilson's *Carlyle at his Zenith*, pp. 349-350.

merely shadows that flit in certain of our moods across them? Or is the truth the other way? Is what we take for the shadow the deeper fact—the fact at a deeper level—and what we call the fact the shadow of them? This is the question with which philosophy has from the beginning, without always knowing it, been concerned and to-day is concerned more than ever. It is fortunate for me that I have not here the whole of it on my hands. I am concerned only with the ideals that are the ground of our interest in Society and the State and with what philosophy has to say about them—a sufficiently large and particularly pressing concern, since there is no field in which the conflict between the factual and the ideal side of things is more in evidence to-day.

We may start from the clear fact of man's interest in city and State. We have had ages and men of civic as of other faiths. The great ages and the great figures of history have been the ages and men that have been inspired with love of country and State: Socrates as we have him depicted in the *Crito* refusing to betray the law-abiding spirit of Athens; Jesus crying to Jerusalem in a transport of love and pity; St. Francis's address to Assisi from his pallet on the road to the Portiuncula; William Tell, Joan of Arc, Pym and Hampden, Burke and Pitt, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln—all these have died in faith, whether

having or having failed to receive the promises. Faith in political ideals falls, in fact, like a great light across the history of the Western world. Perhaps to some of us ordinary men and women it has come and made the great moments of our lives. Few, I think, are so poor as not to have had their visitation from it. Where does this light come from? From something intensely real in our world, some veritable city of God? Or is it like a mirage in the desert, the reflection in the heavens of some sordid actuality upon the earth? All these men believed in its veritableness. We ourselves perhaps some time or other have believed in it. But reflection has made us familiar with a "realistic" science that has its description of the origin of nations and States in blood and iron, of Governments in the usurpation of individuals or factions that momentarily found themselves in power, and knew how to exploit the suggestibility of their subjects and surround crowns and flags with the halo of sentiment. "Society," said Paine, "is the outcome of our needs, government of our wickedness." Take it where or how you will, it is brute fact that rules in politics as elsewhere. God is on the side of the big battalions. States march on armies, and armies on their stomachs. Few perhaps to-day hold this theory in so crude a form, but we have heard and still hear of the "economic theory of history"—"the stomach theory," as it might well be called. We are all familiar, too, with the recent rise of a social psychology which

has exploited gregariousness, imitativeness, suggestibility, leading naturally on to what might be called the herd and the parrot theories of society. Others who know better than that, but who have been appalled by the power of States for evil in the late war, have had their belief in them shaken to its roots and would have their arm shortened, their sovereignty limited, and they themselves placed on the level with other less aggressive groupings as merely, at best, the first, because the biggest, among equals. Ordinary men perhaps care little for all this, and go for the most part their own way. But the more thoughtful are confused; some in the face of theories that fill them with secret alarm reacting in the opposite direction of a crude and even violent conservatism of the Fascist or Ku Klux Klan type; others content to let civic faith fade out of their lives and allow man's natural indifference to all that does not immediately concern his home or his business to have its way.

It is here that the philosophical question of the relation between facts and ideas comes to be a vital one, intimately concerning everybody who would "see things steadily and see them whole." What are we to say of it?

The first thing is to make it clear that we are all for the facts. Force is a mighty fact and has played a mighty part in the affairs of men. Even the Kingdom of Heaven, we are told, suffers violence and the violent

take it by force. In society as in Nature it is a question not of destroying force, but of using it for human ends, yoking it to the right idea. So of our instinctive life. We want the psychology of instinct to remind us of what we share with the rest of animate nature. We can no more separate ourselves from this than from gravitation. What, again, is wanted is not to weaken or destroy the power of the instincts, but to permeate them with purpose and mould them to rational ends. We do not want to destroy them, but neither do we want to idealize them. What we want is to *ideate* them, give significance to them as elements in a life that is more than instinct. Philosophy does not propose to part with any portion of fact. It is even willing to say the fact is all. It merely insists that we must take the whole fact, and that to treat man as a bundle of instincts is not to give us the whole fact. Man truly in this respect is an animal, but he is a thinking animal, and that makes all the difference. Wherever there is thought there are ideas, and wherever the ideas are of things to be done, ideas turn into ends, and ends that are inclusive and have a certain consistency and finality are what we call ideals. Applied to society, this means that instinct has its place in urging man to company with his fellows. It brings him into society, but it is his ideas that keep him there and teach him what to do with himself and it. Instinct drives him to seek a mate and build a covering, but it will no more build

a home than gravitation will build a house. What is true of the instincts is true of material "economic" interests. These may start things; they go only a small way in building things up. John Stuart Mill knew something about economics, and no man understood better what fact meant. Carlyle accuses him of seeing nothing else and of having small insight or none into the true relations of things in the universe. He certainly stood in his generation for the logical analytic mind that lives almost exclusively in the world of description. Yet it was Mill who said that principle has ten times the force of interest in human affairs, and principle is only another word for the inclusive purpose that is the unifying, organizing guiding-force in life. It is this belief in them as embodied principles that in all forms of society—family, school, college, church, business itself—stirs man's loyalty when these are endangered, his anxiety when they seem to be failing, his zeal for their progressive improvement. It does all this because it enables him to see each of them as the guardian of some bit of the life he seeks to live as a human being, and so making its contribution to the rounded whole.

Through the kindness of one of the Regents and of Mr. and Mrs. William Campbell I had the good fortune recently to spend a night at the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton. I was, of course, mightily moved by all I saw through the great telescope there.

Kant's saying about "the starry heavens without" comes home to one there with a new force. But what moved me even more was what I saw of a society of men and women devoted heart and soul to one great human end, looking out, so to speak, over the infinite vista of human knowledge, doing their work literally in the sight of heaven and of all men, arranging their days and nights, their intercourse with one another and with the world below, with a single eye to its excellence. As I came down I felt that here was something before which all naturalistic theories of society withered away as the dry grass before one of your hill-side fires.

But the disproof of sociological naturalism is not enough. There are other critics of political idealism besides the naturalists. To these all that I have just been saying is beside the point. Society, they agree, is the outcome of our needs, and these include the needs of the spirit. "Our criticism," they will tell us, "is not of the groupings that have their origin in these needs, and are so far essentially human, but of the State as something entirely different. All these groupings are personal, the State is impersonal; all these are free, it is founded on force; all these are pliable and changing, it is stiff and static; all these make for peace, the State is a man of war: abroad it arrays nations openly against one another, at home it exploits classes in its own interest and itself lives by their conflicts. Neither

at home nor abroad do the needs of spirit weigh for a moment in the balance against its own preservation and aggrandizement. Its very symbol is that of the bird or the beast of prey. No wonder the lion, the eagle, and the bear are loved of *real-Politik*. By the same token they ought to be hated of every idealist; it is time Idealism stopped patting and stroking them on the back and turned its attention to clipping their wings or cutting their claws."

I am raising here a formidable question or a whole hive of questions, no less than what the State stands for, the place it should occupy to-day in human life, and what sort of devotion we owe it. Philosophy has been concerned with these questions from the beginning. Anglo-Saxon philosophy has been especially concerned with them. Its most notable contributions have been in this field. Is there any outcome of it all that can be of help to us just at this present time? I believe there is, but it would take far longer than the few minutes I have left to say fully what that is. Let me try to condense what I would say in the form of three propositions which, taken along with what I have already said, will, I trust, at least be comprehensible.

1. There *is* a difference between the political and other forms of social life, but it is not describable in the terms our critic has used; on the contrary, these differences, so far as they exist, are merely signs of a deeper difference in the importance and authoritative-

ness of the purpose or purposes for which the State exists. In the life of the individual (to fall back on an old and in the end fundamentally true analogy) there are ends (or if you like *an* end) which may justify constraint and suppression of elements in a man's nature, either by isolated acts of self-restraint or by the more permanent and static restraints of formed habits—ends for which he may even have to fight against himself or others. The difficulty of ethical philosophy concerns the definition of these ends or this end. We are apt to think of it as something which may be more important in itself, but is otherwise only one among others, as, for instance, salvation in another world or the happiness of the greatest number in this. In reality, what a man's conscience stands for is not one among other goods, even although the first of them, but the sense in him of a wholeness or integrity of life in which all elements have justice done them so far as the circumstances admit. In other words, conscience is the man come to a consciousness of the meaning of his life as a whole and of his responsibility for the separate parts of it.

It is the same with the State. The State is the name we give to society as it has become conscious of itself as a whole, responsible for the ends represented by the several parts, bound to see that they get justice done them consistently with the ends of others, and of itself as representative of the whole. "Institutions," Professor Hocking has said in one of the wisest books that have

been written in America upon the State,[1] "are the solution of problems set by human nature." This is true all round: of marriage and the family, of schools and colleges, of Chambers of Commerce, of trade unionism, of art galleries and museums. It is true also of the State, with its constitution, its government, and its laws and law-courts. These are the solution of the problem set by the fact that human nature is a whole and has to be organized in accordance with that idea. So far there is no discontinuity between the State and other forms of society. The State is bound up with these in the book of national life. But there is a difference, for it is there not as a separate chapter, but as the title and binding, or rather the continuous thread of meaning that runs through all the chapters and of which the title and binding are the external symbols.

2. So far as this is true the whole point of view with regard to fact and value is changed. Instead of the State finding its meaning and justification in crude facts like existing law and the force by which laws are supported, these existences find their meaning in the idea which the State seeks to embody, of human nature in its fullness and totality. "As soon as we enter the sphere of society," writes McIver, the author of another wise book on the same subject,[2] "we enter the

[1] *Man and the State* (1926).

[2] *The Modern State* (1926). McIver himself has been strongly influenced —unduly as I cannot help thinking—by the pluralism I have been criticizing. See *Mind*, January 1928.

realm of values where existence and worth are no longer identical, where worth is everything and the only guarantee of existence." What McIver says of society in general I would say of political society in particular: "Whenever we enter the State we enter the realm of values, where worth is everything and the only guarantee of existence." I should merely add—even of its own existence.

3. I come here to my third proposition. The State itself is an institution, and while it shares the value of other institutions as the "solution of a problem set by human nature," it shares also their weakness as an imperfect and in the end a temporary solution. The State as it exists, and so far as it exists, falls far short of what the State might be. It is necessary to emphasize this point because idealistic philosophers are accused of forgetting it and confusing what they wish the State to be with what it actually is. I do not think that many of them, certainly not the greatest of them, have done this. Those of them who have done it undoubtedly commit a great, though it may be a generous, mistake, for it is apt to close their eyes to the defects of their own State and (extremes meeting) to throw them with the blind supporters of the existent fact. But if it is a mistake to flatter the State it is no less a mistake to flout it. This, too, though in another way, is to impede progress by emptying the State of its ideal value and undermining the sense of the worthwhileness of efforts

to remedy its defects. If it is the thing of nought some would have us believe, the mere creature of accidental fact, the prize of the faction that happens to get the strings of government into its hands, why bother? Why not leave it as Browning's "Grammarian" would have us leave time and all the things of time "to dogs and apes," and turn to something more worth while? It is a tempting alternative. It appeals to the inert in all of us. To students and scholars it appeals with special force just in proportion as they feel that in turning to their own work they are choosing the better part. Perhaps it appeals to the American student and scholar even more than to others in proportion to the distance from him and the complicatedness of American politics. I believe that just here philosophy may have something to do for us which is of essential value to practice. Novalis said of thought in general that it is *dephlegmatiziren, viviciren.* This is true of all thought. It is true in a special degree of philosophical thought, and in a more special degree still of philosophical thought on politics. It clears our vision, gives vitality to our ideas of State and nation, shakes us out of our inertia. What avails our work for our community, however spiritual it seems, if the whole head of that community is sick and its heart faint, if it has neither any real eye to the value of our work nor courage and force enough to take it up by stamping the moral and civic currency with it?

But I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not want

all our politicians to be philosophers, though I think that many of them would be the better of a good deal more philosophy—especially ethical philosophy—than they have. I am reminded of the philosopher Berkeley's saying: "The man who has not thought much of the *summum bonum* may make a thriving earth-worm but he will make a sorry statesman." I am still further from wanting all philosophers to be politicians, though again I sometimes think that they would make better philosophers if they were more actively interested in practical politics. You cannot value too highly your life here on the campus, with its cloistered seclusion from national, even civic, business; but if it tempts you to forget the larger world of which it is a part, and for service in which the students' life here is a preparation, its blessings may be dearly bought.[1]

What I want is that everyone, whether politician or philosopher or neither, should realize the unity of our social life and should live habitually in the sense of it. The good life is one continuous whole, whether lived in the family, in college, in business, in the Church or in politics. These are not so much divisions as ascending steps in it. "The road to the celestial city," Professor

[1] The view that politics is a special and, on the whole, a dirty job, best left to those who care for that sort of thing, and that others have to make up their mind to pay the additional percentage required by the politicians' commission as the price of being left free to get on with their own business, is too familiar any longer to cause surprise. Fortunately the sense, even among its advocates, that there is something wrong in it and that it is a cynical or dog-like philosophy is also familiar. After all, man *is* "a political animal," and this means that his conscience cannot in the end be drugged by the sophistry that underlies the whole position.

Wilde[1] has finely said, "starts at our feet, and must be travelled one step at a time." "A sound idealism must keep its feet on the ground wherever its head may be." And this holds not only of the unity within the State, but of any unity which may lie beyond it, whether we call it Humanity, the Church Invisible, or God. My own college tutor, the late Thomas Hill Green, was both a philosopher and a politician—a better philosopher, we used to think, because he was a politician; certainly a better politician because he was a philosopher. One of his favourite sayings was: "There is no other genuine 'enthusiasm of humanity' than one which has travelled the common highway of reason—the life of the good neighbour and honest citizen—and can never forget that it is still only on a further stage of the same journey."[2]

If philosophy can teach us this: (1) that, while the civic community is not everything, and there is a community that goes beyond all States and nations, perhaps a Being of which all communities of men are only one partial embodiment, it is yet the creation of the spirit, called into existence by the spirit, and sustained in existence to serve ever more fully the ends of spirit; and (2) that in view of this service there are few things, perhaps nothing, which concern us more closely and about which it is more worth while concerning ourselves than its wellbeing—philosophy will be earning well both of the republic of learning and the Great Republic which is the State.

[1] *Ethical Basis of the State* (1924), p. 226. [2] *Works*, I, p. 371.

IX

THE NEW ALIGNMENT OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS[1]

A FEW days after my arrival from England in New York on my first visit to America, in September 1921, I had the good fortune to be invited to a banquet in the Great Hall of the Pennsylvania Hotel, given by the Faculty of Columbia University to President Murray Butler, who had just returned from a visit to Europe. He made a great speech, as he can do, in which he told us of conversations he had enjoyed with Mr. Lloyd George, then still Prime Minister, and of the entirely new and unprecedented attempt upon which he and his colleagues were engaged to found an empire on the basis of the complete autonomy of the nations which composed it. The report of this enterprise would not be news to the same extent now. But so habitually occupied are we with the affairs of our own communities that even nations so closely related as the American and the British find it difficult to follow and understand what is going on within the other's boundaries. While we are nearer to each other than to anybody else, yet in many things we remain

[1] Read at the Berkeley Club, April 28, 1927.

strangers. "All is queer but thee and I," said the American to the English Quaker, "and thee is a little queer." For this reason I am grateful for this opportunity of returning to President Murray Butler's text, for which there is all the more need, as much has taken place since 1921, and more particularly as a Conference took place last year which, on our side, has been regarded as of immense importance, yet viewed from a distance may not seem to have done anything in particular.

I realize that there is a certain presumption in a mere student of philosophy proposing to speak on the details of a subject with which there are probably a dozen men in this Club, and certainly in the Department of Political Science in this University, far more competent to deal. (Few things have given me more pleasure since I came to Berkeley than to be told by a member of that department the other day that he had a class of two hundred students making an intensive documentary study of the British Empire.) But quite apart from its political interest the question of the constitution of an empire has a fascination for the philosopher. For in it what by general admission is the main problem of metaphysical philosophy—the union of the One and the Many—takes a peculiarly human form, none other than that of the possibility of uniting complete freedom and independence of the members with the unity and subordination of particularist ends that

is required if there is to be the unity of a real whole. But there is another point of view from which this subject is of special interest to the philosopher, approaching the subject from the point of view not so much of metaphysics as of psychology and the growth of ideas. For the history of this new form of imperial organization has been from the beginning the history of the conflict of two great ideas—that of Confederation on the one hand and of Free Co-operation on the other—the history also of the complete victory, under every conceivable handicap (so far as conscious thought, organized propaganda and powerful authoritative statement were concerned), of the idea of free co-operation under the pressure of the far more powerful logic of fact. In politics, as in the lesser affairs of life, man proposes, God (or the equivalent of God in political science) disposes.

What follows falls into two unequal parts of a sketch of the process by which what I have called the new alignment has been brought about and of an attempt to formulate the problem which it raises for all of us. The first and longer part will again be divided into three similarly unequal periods of the pre-war, the war, and the post-war.

I

1. Between 1760 and 1820 not only England, but France, Spain, Portugal, Holland, may be said to have

lost world-wide colonial empires. But England has differed from these in that she alone has had a chance of founding a second one. What I believe enabled her to do it was that she had the grace to take to heart the lesson she learned in the American War of Independence. Unlike the Bourbon "who learned nothing and forgot nothing," England knew how, with Augustus, to learn everything and forget everything.[1] If we may not quote in this connexion *fas est ab hoste doceri* we may perhaps quote *fidelia vulnera amantis.*

Even so the lesson was slow in soaking in. In the years immediately succeeding the American Revolution, while the British Government now knew better than to think of colonists as merely Englishmen abroad or as foreign plantations, there was nowhere any clear consistent idea as to what to do with them. There were two main currents of opinion. On the one hand was the Tory view, "keep them in subordination"; on the other was the Radical, "let them go." Turgot had announced: "Colonies are like fruits: they cling to the mother tree only till they are ripe." Bentham thought that the English colonies were ripe enough, and preached "emancipate your colonies." Luckily or unluckily the Tories were then in power, with the result that the form of government over the dependencies (complete subordination being impossible) was what Molesworth called "a weak and ignorant

[1] See Corneille's *Cinna, ou la Clémence d'Auguste.*

despotism," exercised by some obscure clerk at the back of an office. Where self-government was granted it was in the form of an Assembly having no control over the executive. Politicians had not yet learned that, as Buller put it, "Representative Government without responsibility is like a fire without a chimney."

Towards the middle of the nineteenth century the Durham Report sought to alter all this in the leading colony of Canada. The essence of the scheme was the division of affairs into imperial and local, and the administration of the latter by a group of men who had the confidence of a majority in the local Parliament, and to whom the Governor-General stood in the position of the King, though as regarded all foreign affairs the Governor-General was to remain merely an imperial officer responsible to the British Government. It was not till 1855 that the Report was adopted, and what was called at the time "the most important step in the history of the modern British Empire" taken. Important though it was, it contained no true settlement. As the colony grew in size and influence, the reservations (which even Liberals, with the example of the American Federation before them, advocated) of the control of trade, public lands, the constitution of government, as well as of war and foreign policy, were sure to become more and more intolerable. On the other hand even Molesworth was prepared to maintain that if the Home Government "possessed less, the

empire would cease to be one body politic." Dominated by a fixed idea of what was implied in State sovereignty, politicians thought of only two alternatives, independence or subordination.

But in 1859 facts began to take the lead. The Canadian Ministry declared that self-government would be utterly annihilated if the views of the Imperial Government were to be preferred in the matter of fiscal freedom to those of the people of Canada. This, of course, meant Protection, after which even so stout a Liberal as Lord Grey (so late as 1879) doubted whether the colonies were worth keeping. As one after another of the powers it was proposed to reserve was claimed this pessimism deepened. Already in the fifties the view of those who had been for strong government began to alter. The democratic drift in the colonies was a threat to autocracy at home. If the colonies were allowed to go their own way there would be less danger of infection. In 1852 Disraeli could speak of "these wretched colonies," and there is a story of Palmerston (when he was unable, in forming his Ministry, to get anyone to accept the Colonial Office) resignedly remarking that he supposed he would have to take it himself and asking his secretary "to come upstairs and show him where those damned places were." On the other hand, the Whigs fell more and more under the influence of Cobden and Bright, who were open separatists, while Goldwin Smith preached the same

doctrine from high places in Oxford.[1] Everyone was a little Englander in those days. Feeling reached its nadir when Sir Henry Taylor, one of the great Government officials, wrote to his chief, the Duke of Newcastle, that "in his estimation the worst consequences of the late dispute with the United States had been that of involving this country and its North American provinces in closer relations and a common cause."[2]

Then came the great revolution, which many of you can remember. The causes of it are a part of the history of the time. Politics were witnessing the revival of militarism—in Europe under the influence of Bismarck, in America under the policy of the North, causing men to ponder the old maxim "Unity is strength." Unity, moreover, was becoming more possible by the advance of steam navigation and the electric telegraph: the Atlantic Cable was laid in 1866. Carlyle was denouncing *laisser-faire*, with its "Calico Millennium," in all its forms. Froude in 1870 was accusing "Gladstone and Company" of a deliberate intention to "shake off the colonies." Finally there was a new social force which was already beginning, and in the end was destined more and more to tell. Working-class opinion with regard to the Colonial Empire is a complicated matter. I know of no book that deals fully

[1] He founded his case on the chaos of the present system, the advent of free trade, the natural affinity of Canada with the United States, and the necessity to have separation over before worse things befell.

[2] Quoted in H. Duncan Hall's *The British Commonwealth of Nations*, from which these facts are mainly taken.

with it. It is usually taken for granted that it is anti-imperialistic. But this might mean many things. Extension of the empire by conquest or capitalist exploitation of mines and populations is one thing; retention of the colonies, in which so many of their kith and kin had settled, and which to them were no mere economic assets, may be quite another. Be that as it may with regard to the working classes at home, I believe it true to say that in the British colonies there has never been a strong working-class opinion in favour of separation.

The result of all this was that by the beginning of the eighties the printing-presses were black with books and pamphlets on Imperial Federation. Many of you will remember the impression made by Seeley's *Expansion of England* on its publication in 1883. Needless to say we heard no more from the Tory ranks of "these wretched colonies." Already in 1872 Disraeli was sketching for the Conservative Party "a great policy of imperial consolidation." He could still, at that date, accuse Liberalism of being "a subtle attempt to effect the disintegration of the British Empire." But ten years later Conservatives and Liberals were at one as to the end, which was to be preservation. What difference there was was as to means. In the speech from which the above words are quoted[1] Disraeli had virtually pledged his party to some form of Federal Union. The logic of

[1] Hall, *op. cit.*, p. 65.

Federalism was set out by a brilliant writer in 1881. As the devil may quote Scripture, a political doctrinaire may appeal to the "logic of facts." To this writer it seemed the irresistible and logical conclusion (1) that common defence involves common expense; (2) that common defence and danger confer the right of common control of foreign affairs; (3) that common control must be by common representation; (4) common representation is Imperial Federation. In 1884 this logic was embodied in the Imperial Federation League, the members of which had a run of exactly nine years for their money. It broke up in 1893 over an attempt to formulate a working scheme. This perhaps may be a convenient place to ask what it was precisely in the "logic of fact" that put to naught the best human logic in these years and brought it about that, while you in America carried Federalism from strength to strength, we in Greater Britain left it on the scrap-heap.

The main factor undoubtedly was the growth of national feeling in the colonies, aided by the immense distances that separated them from the mother-country and from one another.

Nationality is a word of at least two different meanings. It may exist and maintain a high degree of intensity for centuries quite apart from political independence or even geographical unity. If the case of the Jews is rather that of a race than a nation, the Scottish people is an outstanding instance of nationalism in this

sense. On the other hand, nationality may mean the political independence of a population that claims it as a bond. In our own time Nationalism has come into prominence as the word for the impulse of groups possessing a common tradition, a common language and culture, and a common territory, to complete themselves by the formation of an independent State. We cannot begin to understand the history of the British Empire unless we realize the force with which this factor has been working in the colonies from the beginning. I am not saying that in every instance the sense of national unity came first and the political organization came as a result of it. A good case may be made out to prove that Canadian Federation in 1867 was the product not of anything like a fully developed national consciousness, but rather of the desire to strengthen the Dominion against supposed annexationist designs on the part of the United States of America, and to solve the difficulty created by the French part of the population—perhaps also to realize the vision of linking the Atlantic with the Pacific. But in politics we have no hard-and-fast division between cause and effect. Nationality may well have suggested Federation. Certain it is that the debates on Federation in Canada greatly stimulated nationalism, and (more important than even that) brought to the front in Sir John Macdonald a man who had set his heart on Canada "being a great British monarchy in

connexion with the British Empire and under the British Queen," and who dominated Canadian politics for the next quarter of a century.[1] What is true of Canada is perhaps even more true of South Africa, where also it may be said that the constitution came first, and may be said to have created the nation. In Australia, on the other hand, the order was reversed; it was the nation that created the federal constitution of 1901.

Whatever the definition we give of nationalism, and whatever the order of its development, it had already in the last decades of the nineteenth century acquired in the colonies a force that made the thought of anything that seemed to threaten their independence quite intolerable. But it was just such a threat that was implied in the idea of Confederation in the Empire. Nothing was clearer than that it could only mean the subordination of their national Parliaments (and with them of the Mother of Parliaments itself) to a super-Parliament sitting in London, taxing them by decisions over which, owing to the numerical inferiority of their representatives, they would have a minimum of control. It was the steady refusal on the part of the colonies to contemplate anything of the nature of such

[1] With good effect. In 1871 the United States pooh-poohed the idea that the approval of Canada to the recommendations of its Commissioners was more than a formality. In 1887 the Secretary of State confessed that the Confederation of Canada and the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway had brought them "face to face with a nation." See Hall, *op. cit.*

a super-State that was the rift in the lute of the Imperial Federationists.

Yet this alone would not have carried the day if opinion in Great Britain had been solid in favour of a federal union. But such was far from being the case. While the Conservative Party was probably united, and there was a strong group of Liberal Imperialists, there were still Liberals who, like John Morley and Goldwin Smith, saw in such a super-State only a menace to the peace of the world. Nominally defensive, it might easily turn into an instrument of aggression. But far more powerful than this section of Liberalism was the solid opposition of working-class opinion, already beginning to find an organ of expression in the Independent Labour Party. It is not necessary to attribute this to any indifference on the part of the working classes to the fate of the colonies. We have already seen with what eyes they regarded their kin across the seas. Rather it had its source in the clearness with which they saw the difficulty there would be in making the representation of Labour, whether from home or abroad, effective in a Parliament of Nations. They saw all the handicaps from which they already suffered in the "best of all clubs" at St. Stephens increased a hundredfold in this sublimated version of it.

Under these conditions it is not surprising that by 1893 the League was dead and that in 1899 Lord Rosebery, a former President, was ready to declare

that "Imperial Federation in any form was an impossible dream." At last the logic of fact was beginning to tell against the logic of faction.

The Federation League was dead, but before its demise it was the unconscious inventor of the new instrument which was destined to solve the problem in a way entirely different from its own. In 1886 a deputation from the League waited on Lord Salisbury and urged that a Colonial Conference be summoned the next year to discuss the closer relationship of all parts of the Empire. There was a certain irony in the fact that the only question definitely excluded from the deliberations of the Conference, when it came to be summoned, was that of the Imperial Federation. This and the two following Conferences in 1897 and in 1902 are an interesting example of the importance of the philosophical distinction between origin and value. Aristotle says of wars that they arise from great causes but small occasions. It is the same (at any rate, in British history it has often been the same) with institutions. There was something casual and unpremeditated in these early Conferences. They were a kind of second thought on the occasion of the Jubilee, the Diamond Jubilee, and the Coronation of King Edward VII. There may have been more guidance in them than appeared, and they may have been more like Mr. Wemmick's nuptials in *Great Expectations*. Certain it is that during these years there were deep anxieties

corresponding to Aristotle's "great causes"—questions as to the partition of Africa, the appearance of Germany, France and Russia on the Pacific, the Boer War and the Emperor's telegram to Krüger. To meet these anxieties closer union was imperative. How was it to be effected? There were two alternative methods: (1) that which is the most usual between nations: correspondence between their Foreign Offices, conducted through what Duncan Hall calls "the three thicknesses of misunderstanding—letter, telegraph, and diplomatic agent"; or (2) meetings of representatives in face-to-face consultation. The former was proving more and more inadequate; the latter was just beginning to take definite form.

The history of these three Conferences, into which it is impossible here to enter, was the history of the emergence of the second as the only way and of clearer views as to how consultation was to be effected: it must be between members of the Empire and not between the United Kingdom and its colonies. The Prime Minister of England and not the Colonial Secretary must be the President. It must be attended by Prime Ministers from beyond the seas and not by any inferior representatives. If these were to have colleagues, they must be members of their respective Cabinets. The conferences must be held at regular intervals, and these as short as possible. Finally, means must be adopted to keep the members in touch with

one another during the periods that intervened between the main meetings. These necessities of the situation were already plain to the Conference of 1907, however obscure as yet the solution of the last and most important of all, and were embodied in the constitutional resolutions which were passed by it. The passing of these resolutions would in itself have been a sufficient achievement for this Conference; but before it separated the ground was cleared for further constructive work by the decisive rejection on the part of the British Government of tariff reform in the direction of Preference and the decision of the members to devote themselves, in Winston Churchill's words, to "making roads across the Empire and not to building walls."

There were still seven years before the Great War. Those who, like the German writer Bernhardi, declared that in the next war the Dominions "might be completely ignored," or who, like the German High Command, believed him, failed altogether to realize what in these seven years had been accomplished in the direction both of improved cable, mail, steamship, telegraph service, and of the organization of Imperial defence. The former is a matter of general knowledge; the latter is less familiar. Except in New Zealand, the idea of a subsidy to the British Navy was steadily rejected by the self-governing nations. The more the finality of this rejection was realized the more peremp-

tory became the necessity of organizing co-operation. Already in 1907, on the suggestion of Lord (then Mr. R. B.) Haldane, Secretary of State for War, it was resolved that the British General Staff should be expanded into an Imperial General Staff, whose function it should be to prepare schemes of joint defence and to advise as to military training and general war organization. A great step was taken in this direction by the subsidiary Defence Conference of 1909, which entrusted the carrying out of this co-operative plan to a Committee of Imperial Defence, constituted of representatives of the Defence Committee of each of the Dominion Cabinets, and an Imperial General Staff, constituted of representatives of the General Staffs of the Dominions, where such existed. In the Conference of 1911 Sir Edward Grey earnestly pressed the necessity of a common foreign policy, and was supported by General Botha's enthusiastically received declaration: "It is co-operation and always better co-operation that we want; and that is what we must consistently strive for." Before another Conference could be held the war had broken out. It may have been, as Duncan Hall holds, "an incredible blunder" that none was held in 1915, but sufficient had been already done to secure the falsification of the German estimate of the situation.

2. The result of the policy, the history of which has been condensed in the preceding pages, was the

instantaneous, enthusiastic and effective response of the whole Empire to the call to arms.[1] We are here concerned with the reaction of the war on that policy itself.

From the moment that colonial armies appeared in the field it was clear that foreign policy could no longer be left to the War Office in London. As Bonar Law, the Colonial Secretary in 1916, put it: "It is not a possible arrangement that one set of men should contribute the lives and treasure of their people, and should have no voice in the way in which those lives and that treasure are expended. That cannot continue. There must be a change." But there is no changing horses in crossing a steam, and all this had to be postponed for more pressing matters. In 1917 the Prime Ministers of the Dominions were summoned. For the first time in the history of the Empire there were sitting in London two "War Cabinets," both duly constituted and exercising well-defined functions. Over each the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom presided. The one was the War Cabinet, devoting itself to the prosecution of the war as it primarily concerned Great Britain; the other was the Imperial War Cabinet, with a wider purpose, jurisdiction and personnel. The latter held fourteen meetings between March 20th and May 2nd, and before it separated decided on annual

[1] Up to March 30, 1919, the Dominions had spent £362,434,600 ($1,812,173,000) on the war.

meetings. In the 1918 meeting two resolutions were carried, the first asserting the right of direct communication with the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, the second asserting the right of the Colonial Premiers to nominate a Cabinet Minister (either as resident in London or as a visitor) to represent them at intervening meetings of the Imperial War Cabinet. The Imperial War Cabinet met in that year for six weeks in June and July, and again after the Armistice, and sat continuously until the signing of Peace in June 1919. It was in this way that the upheaval of the war had the effect of precipitating and giving final form to the aspirations which had been working obscurely in the minds of colonial statesmen and had been gradually forced upon British statesmen by the inexorable logic of fact.

What would the outside world say to it? If it had been so difficult for the actors in the drama in England to realize what was happening, how could the outside world be expected to understand? The opportunity to test its willingness to recognize the accomplished fact was not long of occurring. Everybody (every American, at any rate) knows the arguments that were used against recognition. Everybody also knows what the issue in the end was. Each of the self-governing colonies obtained a place in the Plenary Council of thirty-two nations that were recognized as having a right to be consulted when their own affairs were

under discussion, and that took part in the work of the various sub-committees that had to be appointed, among them the one which drew up the Constitution of the League of Nations and that on Reparations. The colonies (now recognized as Dominions) signed as separate Powers, the Crown acting directly on the advice of the Dominion Governments. Finally they obtained separate representation on the League of Nations.

The developments that took place during the war may be summed up in the words of Duncan Hall, writing in 1920: "A complete change has been wrought in the meaning of the term 'British Empire' since 1914. In 1914 it signified a central Government surrounded by a number of more or less dependent States; in 1919 it signified a new type of political association, namely a group of autonomous States organized on a basis of complete constitutional equality under a common Crown."

3. But the more the achievement of these years is emphasized the more difficult is it to understand why it has required seven additional years to produce a definitory statement of the actual position of things. If everything was won seven years ago, why, it may be asked, all this pother over the 1926 Conference? If it was not won, where are we to look in its Report for the additions?

By 1919 the battle for equality of status may be said to have been won, but there were still many outlying

posts to be taken and the victory had still to be consolidated. As a writer in the *Round Table* so late as March of last year put it: "Equal status within the British Commonwealth had been won for all; equal responsibility, which is manifestly the concomitant, is not yet in sight, and therefore complete co-operation in Imperial diplomacy is as yet not practical politics." The reason of this at that time was partly psychological, partly political: partly the maladjustment of men's minds to the new situation, partly the maladjustment of their institutions. There was still what might be called the "inferiority complex" on the part of the Dominions and (perhaps more dangerous still) the superiority complex on the part of Great Britain. These complexes could only be dispelled by making a clean sweep from the statute-book of everything that was in contradiction to the new condition of things, on the one hand, and on the other by equipping the Dominions with the instruments essential to the effective performance of their new functions. In both these respects there was still much to be done. There were still existing Acts requiring the reservation of Dominion legislation until it should receive the assent of the British Government; other Acts limiting the operation of Dominion legislatures; others still referring to such complicated subjects as Merchant Shipping, which were survivals from the past. There was still a lamentable deficiency of means of acquiring infor-

mation as to what was going on in one another's worlds. As the *Round Table* put it at the beginning of last year: "The Dominions still insist on living in blinkers."

In the two Conferences that intervened between 1919 and 1926 there were important external matters up for discussion: in 1921 the forthcoming Washington Conference on Disarmament; in 1923 the question of Reparations and Regulation of the international Liquor Traffic, rendered necessary by the American Volstead Act; and these forced more domestic affairs into the background. Yet, in the latter, something was done first by way of taking off the blinkers in a decision with regard to the circulation of important communications to or from the British Government on foreign policy;[1] and secondly, by way of equality in the matter of the negotiation of treaties. More important still was the institution in 1925 of a Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, signalizing the complete break with the old Colonial Office and its tradition of dependence.

Yet all these (even if there were added to them the institution of the joint committee on Imperial Shipping and the Imperial Economic Committee) seemed to the more ardent nationalists mere instalments of what was still due to the new situation and demanded by the logic of the new theory. Taken altogether, they did

[1] No less than six hundred documents were thus circulated in 1925.

not seem to compensate for what seemed an actual retrogression in the case of some of the most important foreign acts of the British Government. It was even possible for a writer in the *Round Table* of March 1926 to maintain that the "theory of Diplomatic Unity, established at the Peace Conference, tested at Chanak, applied with increasing difficulty at Lausanne, had completely broken down at Locarno"; and that in respect to the last there had been an "abrupt reversal of theory." The British Government had reverted to the old theory and procedure of taking sole responsibility for foreign policy and merely informing the Dominions of what had been done.[1]

What was going to be done as to all this at the coming Conference? Were the Dominion Premiers going to sit down under the spell of the inferiority complex and allow it to occupy itself again with details? Or would they take a bold stand for the consolidation of what had already been won and the completion of the structure that the logic of fact had been silently building for the last thirty years? There was a real danger of the first. Anyone who was eager that it should be the second, who was present at the opening meeting and who listened to the speeches of the Prime Ministers of the United Kingdom, of Canada, Australia, and

[1] Article 9 of the Locarno Treaty was to the effect that "the present Treaty shall impose no obligation upon any of the British Dominions or upon India unless the Government of such Dominion or of India signifies its acceptance thereof." This saved their independence, but what of consultation and consentience?

New Zealand, must have felt his heart sink. Fortunately there was a man there, for the first time attending the Imperial Cabinet, who had no intention of letting things drift.

Before the Conference of 1926, probably any of us in this room who had been asked what was the weakest link in the chain of the free nations that were the strength of the British Empire would have said the Union of South Africa. In 1920 General Hertzog had himself declared that it was impossible to avoid the alternative between subjection to England and complete separation, and had denied that there was any middle way.[1] In view of this declaration, it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of his opening speech at the Conference. It is too long to quote here, but these are the important words: "South Africa is anxious to possess that will (the will to live in the Empire as a Union of Free Nations) equally with every other member of the Commonwealth; but that will can be assured for the future only if she can be made to feel implicit faith in her full and free nationhood upon the basis of equality with every other member of the Commonwealth. That implicit faith she does not possess to-day, but she will possess it the moment her independent national status has ceased to be a matter of dispute and has become internationally recognized."

[1] See quotations from the *Cape Argus* in *The Times* of November 25, 1926, p. 14.

He ended by hoping that the question of the status of the Dominions would receive due consideration as a matter that concerned themselves no less than the world at large and would be agreed upon in a manner that would "remove all fear and doubt for the future."

The rest of the story is quickly told. The question of Inter-Imperial Relations was referred to what was perhaps the most authoritative British Committee that ever sat in London, with Lord Balfour as Chairman. It investigated the whole field under the six heads of (1) The Status of Great Britain and the Dominions. (2) The Special Position of India. (3) Relations between the Various Parts of the British Empire. (4) Relations with Foreign Countries. (5) The System of Communication and Consultation. (6) Particular Aspects of Foreign Relations, including the adherence of the United States of America to the Protocol establishing the Permanent Court of International Justice and the Policy of Locarno.

The Committee was appointed on October 25, 1926. Lord Balfour signed on behalf of the whole Committee on November 18th.[1] Yet if anyone were to ask what was really changed by the Conference of 1926 it might be difficult to satisfy him. Four words are omitted from the title of the King, and its labours seem to

[1] The Report, as well as a *Summary of Proceedings*, was published at the beginning of 1927.

have ended there. But to suppose so would be to ignore, in the first place, the preparations for change made in the appointment of committees to report on various survivals of the old regime, e.g. the Colonial Laws Validity Act; in the second place, the elucidations that have been given of the decisions of previous Conferences, e.g. as to the treaty-making powers of the Dominions; in the third place, the fact that it is not by statutes and constitutions that nations live, but by the trust that members have in themselves and in one another, by the clearness with which their rights and duties are defined, and by their loyalty to the ideals and purposes which they share with one another. It is because of the new confidence in these respects with which the Conference of 1926 has inspired the representatives of the Dominions that it will stand out in the history of the Commonwealth as an epoch-making event, and that Lord Balfour's Report will go down to posterity as the Magna Charta of Commonwealth Liberties.

I quoted General Hertzog's words at the beginning of the Conference. Here is what he said at the end of it: "I shall certainly leave this Conference and go back with a feeling that I do not think often happens in the history of anyone attending an important gathering such as this, that I leave fully satisfied that whatever I wanted to have and to obtain has been attained at these meetings, and, what is more, that it has been

attained with the full co-operation and sympathy of all when we have met together."

This from the side of the Dominions. From the side of the United Kingdom we have such utterances as *The Times* leading article at the close of the Conference headed "Rediscovery of the Empire," and M. de Jouvenel's epigram quoted by the *Round Table* of March of the present year: "L'Angleterre à reconquis ses dominions en les émancipant."

II

Perhaps I ought to end here, but it may be allowed me to add a few words on what seem to me the two great questions that are raised by the new situation, and to give some indication of the direction in which I should myself be inclined to look for the answer to them. The questions are:

1. Will the Dominions remain "reconquered," or has the Empire only been rediscovered in order to be lost? In terms of the wider philosophical question under which at the outset I ventured to bring the whole subject: Can liberty and equality be the secret of the union of the One with the Many in politics?

2. If it is that secret, if the reconquest is a permanent one, what is its value for the world at large?

1. With regard to the first question there are obvious dangers ahead. There is the difference between the position of Great Britain, bound by fetters at once of gold and iron to Europe, and that of the Dominions, which are free from European entanglements; and there is the wide difference between the Dominions themselves in their past history, in the elements of their populations, and in their economic interests. In view of these differences it may be urged that while for the present mutual defence may form a strong enough bond, the spread of a more peaceful atmosphere in the world and the decrease of danger from war will gradually undermine this source of union. Yet, on the other hand, may it not also be urged that, while, in the past, war has undoubtedly been one of the great instruments in the creation and welding together of States, it is only one of the factors and is likely, as civilization develops, to be a diminishing one in the formation of the Great Society towards which men's hopes are turning? What brings and holds societies of men together will more and more come to be constructive purpose. "Call ye that a society," asks Carlyle, "where there is no social idea extant?" On the other hand, given such an idea, what greater bond can there be? In the case of the British Commonwealth of Nations there is not one but many such social ideas —cords twisted into a many-stranded rope. There is their common interest in peace, symbolized by their

common membership of the League of Nations; and there is that which makes peace so essential to them, their common interest in having their own immense material resources rapidly and effectively developed. Going deeper than the need for economic co-operation, proof even against a certain refusal to co-operate which has been manifested in the past, there is the great heritage of common culture, common political ideas of liberty and justice, common pride in the literary, artistic, scientific, religious achievements of the English race; finally, the quite amazingly persistent love of the misty island whence they or their ancestors came and where branches of their families still remain.

2. Granting that the latter view is the true one, what will be the value of such a union to the world at large? Here also there is room for difference of opinion. It is possible to regard it as a menace to the rest of the world—none the less because it has taken a freer form than the super-State which John Morley and Goldwin Smith feared—and from this point of view as possessing even a minus value. On the other hand, it may be argued that the very factors which hold it together will make it an element in the progressive forces of the world. Guaranteed safety at once by its own strength and by its membership in the League of Nations, it will possess the negative value of itself being a guarantee of peace over a large section of the world, the positive one of being free to devote

itself to the co-operative activities, of which the world is so much in need, on a more comprehensive scale and in a more concentrated form than the League of Nations is likely to be able to achieve.[1] While, therefore, as members of the League of Nations, these nations will play their part in whatever progress in the direction of peace and justice the League may represent, as members of the British Commonwealth they will offer an example of the new idea of the relation of nations to one another as co-operative units, pledged to the advancement of civilization, instead of as armed competitors each seeking its own, that is dawning on mankind. At a time when the world requires not so much to be told what ought to be done as to be shown how to do it, this may be of quite decisive importance. It is on the ground that this may be the true reading of the "new alignment" that I would venture to appeal for the sympathy of Americans, pledged to the same idea over their own immense territory.

[1] There are already in working Boards and Conferences for Scientific and Industrial Research, Investigation of Mineral Resources, Forestry, Statistics, Education, Pacific Cable, Entomology. Others for Legal Information, Agriculture, Shipping, Arbitration based on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council have been approved. Others still on a voluntary basis seek to forward cultural, professional, legal, industrial objects.

X

DISCUSSION IN AMERICA[1]

I AM asked to speak on anything that has especially struck me in American life. I have been especially struck by many features of it, and in far the majority of cases most favourably struck. If I were speaking of America in England I should speak of these—of many of them with much enthusiasm. But I am speaking in America to Americans, and I do not suppose that you wish to listen merely to a eulogy of yourselves. I propose, therefore, to select one of the few things in regard to which I have not been so favourably impressed. It is suggested by the aims of this Club, which, in so far as they include just the promotion of the thing in which I find American life defective, absolve it from any strictures that my remarks might otherwise seem to imply.

Visitors from Europe to some parts of America (and what visitor has ever visited all parts?) have frequently been struck by the comparative absence in ordinary social life of anything that in the strict sense could be called discussion, and (where, as in the case of the great questions of Fundamentalism

[1] Given to a group of school teachers in the "Five-Thirty Club," Berkeley.

and Prohibition, discussion of some sort is forced upon people) by the comparatively low level on which so much of it is apt to be conducted. How seldom, with reference to the first of these questions, does one meet with any attempt to discover the real inwardness of this apparently arrested development of the theological mind! And with regard to the second, how rarely does one hear the case argued on the broad lines of a review of the values and disvalues that have been created by the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, or of the principles involved in such an apparent interference with the liberties of the individual! It is true that the American public is badly served by its newspapers in this respect. "Leading articles," when there are any, have to be searched for like needles in a haystack in thirty pages of mixed news and advertisement, and when they are found are seldom worth the trouble expended in looking for them. I was told the other day that Mr. J. A. Spender, perhaps the most distinguished journalist in England at the present moment, who recently visited the United States and spoke at a meeting of the English Speaking Union specially summoned in San Francisco to hear him, failed to impress his audience, because of the assumption underlying his remarks that leading articles have still an influence on public opinion and, in fact, still *lead*. But perhaps it is true of a nation that it has the Press, as it is said to have the Government, that

it deserves, and that the fault, if fault there is, lies elsewhere.

Fortunately this particular kind of discussion is not my subject here. If it were, I should have the less right to speak. My subject is rather discussion in educated society in general, and in University society in particular, of which my experience has been wider. Here, if anywhere, one might expect to find an exception, and in some respects one is not wholly disappointed. In University classes, particularly in Seminars, in Faculty Clubs, at luncheon and dinner parties, there is often discussion of a sort (sometimes of a very good sort), but even so it often somehow fails to carry us very far. In the lecture-room, by reason of the size of the classes, discussion in the sense here meant is usually quite out of the question. In the Seminar (a peculiar and admirable American institution) one might expect eager give-and-take debate on the subject dealt with across the table. But the student's paper is too often followed by a paralysed silence on the part of his neighbours, broken only by the professor's voice dealing out the points he has noted for criticism —after which silence again falls. In more public lectures, given by members of the Faculty or by strangers from a distance, there is seldom or ever any opportunity for question or criticism from the audience. Even in meetings summoned in the name of a "Debate" the time is apt to be mainly occupied in listening to

set speeches by authoritative persons on one side or the other, and any subsequent discussion is apt to be of a hurried and desultory kind, in which the American student himself rarely takes a part. Among friends interested in the same subject and representing different opinions on it, it ought to be otherwise, but here also one finds a certain hesitation in getting to grips with the issues involved. Where a difference is expressed, it is apt to take the form of throwing a polite brick or two at an opponent, followed by no real effort to meet his point of view or find some common ground that might lead to further understanding. If he presses for reasons, he is apt to be met by a reply in the spirit of the celebrated "I'm not an-arguing with yer, I'm a-telling of yer."

If all this is true or even approximately true of the green tree of University society, what is to be said of the dry in business or political circles? I am told by those familiar with the former that there is a singular absence in them of serious discussion on the wider issues of business life. In the lunch-hour address, indeed, we have another peculiar American institution, but this too often ends in a hurried twenty minutes' talk by the chosen speaker, sometimes half-drowned by the clatter of the dishes and with the eyes of everybody fixed upon the clock. A few desultory remarks are made, a sop is thrown to what might be called the discussional conscience, and men hurry off—to business.

Of the high places of politics I have little right to speak. Yet one cannot be long in America without hearing complaints of the quality of the discussions that take place even in the highest of them. On an afternoon which not very long ago I spent in the Hall of Representatives and the Senate Chamber at Washington, the speakers seemed far more interested in getting written speeches across to the crowd that occupied the galleries than in discussing the issues before them with the scattered units in the benches below. I came away not with the impression that "democracy in America was a failure," but with the conviction that if the whole head was faint and the heart sick, as in this respect it seemed to be, there was a question before those who in the Universities had the task of supplying the life-blood of the Democracy that is to be, which was eminently worth their most serious consideration. If democracy does indeed mean, as Bagehot said, "government by discussion," the only hope for it in America, as elsewhere, is that citizens should learn the art of what, for want of a better name, might be called "creative discussion." You have your own prophetess of this in Miss M. P. Follett[1] (none greater anywhere), and you have no need that I should tell you of it. If you don't hear her, you are not likely to hear me.

Granted that there is something in what I have been

[1] See her books upon the *New State* and *Creative Experience*.

trying to say, two questions are raised by it, *first*, wherein more precisely does the power I am speaking of consist? *Secondly*, what is it that has arrested its development in America?

1. The former is a psychological question, and refers to the attitude or habit of mind that is favourable to what I have called "creative discussion." First and foremost there must be the same interest in the discovery of the truth in social matters as the student of science brings to the discovery of truth in Nature. The difference is that while *there* the problem is to find an interpretation that takes in and does justice to all the facts, *here* it is to find a view of the situation that takes in and does justice to all the separate interests and views concerned. "Vote always," says William James, "so as to bring about the very largest total universe that you can see—the view[1] that seems most fit to be a member of a more inclusive whole." It is here that discussion comes in, for how else but by discussion can the separate views that have to be organized into a whole be discovered? Hence the prime necessity of the attitude of openness to the views of others on all subjects that come up for discussion—the readiness to believe that there is something in them that has to be respected, and that it will be of advantage to understand, perhaps to find a place for, in one's own

[1] *The Will to Believe*, p. 211. He says "good," but the same thing holds of truth.

view. The opposite of this habit of mind and the death to all fruitful discussion is such exclusive occupation with one's own interests and the views that result from such a narrowing of vision as makes one ready to treat anything that another is likely to say on the matter in hand either as already known or as not worth knowing.

2. Assuming that there is some ground for the above criticism of contemporary American life as failing in this habit of "creative discussion," what are the causes to which it may be attributed? One or two causes that might be suggested may be put aside at once. It is caused, I believe, by no lack of national intelligence or of vigour in its application. Taking it all in all, America, from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers till now, has attracted the most intelligent and active, if not the most intellectual of the populations of Europe. No one who has visited America can fail to have been struck by the embodied intelligence represented by its industrial plant, its distributive system, and the extraordinary ingenuity of its labour-saving devices. No one who has had the privilege of *entrée* into its social life can have failed to be delighted by the quick play of intelligence in the talk both of men and women. Equally beside the mark is the suggestion that it is due to absence of opportunity. I have heard it put down to the absence of afternoon-tea; but if there is no afternoon-tea, there are luncheon and dinner, which

have come to be at least as leisurely refections as they are in England or on the Continent.

The real causes, I believe, are partly in outer circumstances and the use that is made of leisure, partly in the inner influences that prevail in the life of the home, and spread thence to school and college life. Modern inventions, motor-cars, golf-grounds, cinemas, and wireless sets, have enormously increased the possibility of the facile use of leisure. I have heard the occupation of boys' minds at English Public Schools with cricket referred to as having a deadly influence on conversation. These and similar inventions are producing the same effect in the conversation of adults. A listener who does not care for any of them would do well to adopt Herbert Spencer's boarding-house device of filling his ears with cotton-wool if he would preserve his sanity in places where motorists and golfers congregate.

But there are other causes in the comparative discontinuity and distractedness of home life. It is round the breakfast and supper table at home that the taste for real discussion is first acquired. I could name a dozen of cases from biography and personal acquaintance—from John Morley's account of Gladstone's boyhood downwards—where a high level of power for political, religious, even scientific discussion has dated from the home. Perhaps such homes in all parts of the world are now a thing of the past, but that only makes

it all the more important to find a substitute for them at school and college. As things are, speaking at any rate for college, the drift is all the other way. The lecture system, apparently rendered necessary by the large classes in the modern University, and capable of being used for great ends in the way of stimulating and inspiring young students, requires to be supplemented by methods and opportunities it cannot in the nature of things itself supply. How far such opportunities are provided by the dormitory or the fraternity, those who are better acquainted with these institutions than I am can perhaps say. Looking back on the old Oxford and Cambridge college life, it is just here that its advantage over any that the newer Universities, whether in England or America, provide is most obvious. If he were asked what other factor in his education he would exchange for the endless talks in his own or his neighbour's rooms—lasting into all hours of the night on a weekday, to all hours of the morning on a Sunday—the Oxford or Cambridge alumnus would find it difficult to give an answer. But again, if the college system is something that it is impossible to reproduce in the vast American Universities, there is all the more reason to consider what can be devised to take its place. The interest that Professor Meiklejohn of Wisconsin aroused on his recent visit to Berkeley, and the large audiences which packed the auditorium when he explained his pro-

posal to attempt a new type of curriculum largely founded on discussion, proved that many are alive to the defects of the old one. Whether his own particular scheme will succeed remains to be seen. It was sent off from here with a rousing cheer. Of one thing I am sure: if what I have been speaking of is a real defect in their national life, Americans will in the end find means to remedy it. If what the chorus in Sophocles' *Antigone* says of man in general, "without a device comes he to nothing," is true, it is still more true of the American man.

XI

THE SCOT ABROAD[1]

THE subject of this address was suggested to me by the fact of a group of Scotsmen settled here on the western edge of the Anglo-Saxon world, united by their desire to keep their national feeling alive and to turn it to some useful purpose. In Great Britain nationality may be said to have awakened and become a force long before it did so on the Continent of Europe. It survives transplantation everywhere, and seems to gain in intensity the farther from home the bearers of it settle. I never myself knew what British patriotism and allegiance to British ideals of civilization and government meant till I went to Canada. What is true of British is even truer of Scottish nationality. I will not speak of it in my own words. I find far more justice done it than I could possibly do in a passage which forms the peroration of a book I have just been reading on the great American statesman Alexander Hamilton: "The union of Scotland with England has lasted for three centuries, if we count from the accession of King James the Sixth; for two centuries if we reckon from

[1] Address to the St. Andrew's Society, San Francisco, March 1, 1926. To be taken by Scotsmen neat, by others, if at all, largely diluted.

the Act of Union. Yet Scotland retains, as England also retains, every characteristic of a proud and self-reliant nation. The national life of Scotland is the growth of a thousand years. For more than ten centuries Scots kings have ruled and Scots pride has remained unbroken. If we were in search of a type to illustrate the meaning of the word nation, we should turn to Scotland. Her nationality is no abstraction, but a tingling reality; a living organism, and not a mere legend of the poets. She has all the stern virtues of a nation and all the fantastic punctilios. The love and fidelity of her children, scattered in the four quarters of the world, are proofs which stand fast against the scorner. Her valour, her arrogance, her belief in her own destiny, have not been quenched by the free citizenship of a wider empire. Her traditions have suffered no wound or injury in a loyal co-operation."[1]

Before speaking in greater detail of what seem to me to be the links that bind the members of the Scottish race together, it will serve to give my remarks their proper setting if you will bear with me while I try to say something about nationality in general.

In contrast to what I have said of Britain and Scotland, in the world in general nationality in the modern sense is a comparatively new force in the life of peoples. Its germ came doubtless into European

[1] Frederick Scott Oliver's *Alexander Hamilton*, p. 448.

civilization with the Frankish hordes that invaded the Roman Empire, and already the lines of division in Central Europe were laid down by the break-up of the Empire of Charlemagne; but the idea of nationality remained in germ all through the Middle Ages, when the peoples of Europe were bound together by quite other ties. It was only at the final dissolution of the Empire effected by Napoleon and in the strong reaction against his attempt to impose a new one that the idea sprang into vivid life in modern times. Even so, it was of limited influence, and required the shock that was given to the older system by the Great War to develop its full force. What has since happened is familiar history. It has developed its power, but it has developed also its menace, and it is not too much to say that the inflamed national feeling of both the older and the newer political entities of Europe constitutes the main danger to the peace of the world at the present time. It is this that explains the suspicion with which it is regarded by those who have at heart the cause of peace as the greatest that can occupy human endeavour, and at the present moment has occasioned a reaction against the whole idea of nationality.

For myself, I am all for the new idea of the unity of mankind and the organization of the nations under the common banner of human civilization. I believe with Mazzini that "Humanity is a great army moving

in the face of powerful and wary foes to the conquest of lands unknown."[1] But I believe also with him that the "peoples are the various corps, the divisions of this army. Each has a position entrusted to it, each a particular operation to execute; and the common victory depends on the precision with which the different operations are carried out." Under the general banner each has a separate flag "given it," as Mazzini says, "by God," which has to be kept in "the order of the battle."

Mazzini underestimates the possible multitude of these separate flags and the difficulty of keeping them in line, but his ideal must be ours. To keep them in line is one of the great problems of our time. I cannot discuss it here. But I think that there is something we may learn with regard to it from a short consideration of the peculiarities of the sense of nationality which all of us in this room share. For there is one thing quite peculiar about this, apart from what Mr. Scott Oliver has said, in that it is a kind of double distillation, a sublimated essence of the old political nationality of our people. The Scottish nation is no longer a separate corps in Mazzini's sense in the army of humanity. It has lost its political independence by voluntarily merging it in that of England; or, if you like, by annexing England, and hoodwinking her by leaving her the old country and name. Nevertheless, Scotland

[1] *Duties of Man.* Works, xviii, p. 61.

remains a nation still and lives as a spirit in everyone who can claim it by parentage, however distant. While it has ceased to be a political idea, it remains (perhaps all the more for that) a spiritual one, and is a standing witness to the significant fact that under favourable conditions all that is of value in the notion of nationality may be preserved, while the dangers that accompany political independence are eliminated. Wherein does this sublimated essence consist? I shall mention one or two of what seem to me its component elements, going from the more obvious and superficial to the deeper.

Of the more obvious, the first that suggests itself is, I suppose, our common attachment to the home-land—Scott's "land of the mountain and the flood," especially (American visitors to it would say) "of the flood." Scotland, perhaps, both in the East and in the West, has suffered more than most other countries from the inroads of industrialism. Its face is deeply scarred with mines and coal-heaps, miles of factories and slum-dwellings and smoke-covered fields. But, after all, these things cover but a fraction of her surface, which, as someone has said of it, if it were "rowed oot," would exceed that of England. Moreover, there are bits which we may safely prophesy are for ever safe from their invasion: Edinburgh Castle and Arthur's Seat, Loch Lomond and the Trossachs, Goatfell and Arran, the Sound of Mull and Iona, Ben Nevis, and

the Island of Skye, to mention only a few. The very names are enough. The mention of them and the memory of the things themselves seem to melt Scotsmen's thoughts into one.

A second is our speech. If we are not bound by a peculiar language, we are surely by accent, intonation, and a vocabulary of our own. If we can't always tell a Scotsman when we see him, we must be "dull o' the lugs" if we don't know him when we hear him. It is in vain he tries (as some misguided fellow-countrymen will) to conceal it. You have heard of the Scotsman who declared that "he had been two yearrs in England beforre he lost his accent."

A third is a pride (I speak as to Scotsmen when I suggest a legitimate one) in Scottish achievements in the different departments of life. Since coming here I have heard more than once of the Scotsman who went on a business tour in England, and when asked on his return home what he thought of the English, replied that he couldn't say, "he had met only heads of houses."

But it is, of course, of its literary achievements that the Scottish people is most justly proud; the long succession of its poets and prose writers, from Drummond of Hawthornden to Burns and Scott, Carlyle, Stevenson and Barrie. You have memories of Stevenson out here in California, and you do well to cherish them. Some of the places associated with him have fallen into decay like the shack on Mount St.

Helena, made immortal in the *Silverado Squatters*, but you in San Francisco are rightly proud of the beautiful memorial ship and inscription in your central Square.

Turning to the deeper elements in national character, there is, I believe, a peculiar Scottish psychology that shows itself in a certain slowness of physical and mental reaction. I doubt if Scotsmen ever have excelled, or ever will excel, in games that, like tennis and even cricket, depend on quick reactions. The national games have been from early times, and will, I believe, continue to be, those which, like golf, go with slow and measured—if you like, more thoughtful, massive movements. And what is true of physical is true of intellectual movements. It is for this reason that, on the whole, Scottish literature is greater in prose than in poetry, in more reflective prose (history and philosophy) than in lighter, in literature that reflects a high degree of "intelligence" than in what possesses the lightness of touch that goes with the highest form of genius. We have all heard of the Dundee lecturer on Shakespeare who, to the surprise of his audience, assumed throughout that Shakespeare was a Scotsman, and, when challenged at the end for his grounds, replied that "it was a legeetimate presumption from his general intelligence."

It is here one might find the solution of the much-discussed question of the Scotsman's humour. A nation

that has produced Scott and Carlyle, Stevenson and Barrie, cannot be wholly devoid of humour. But if what I have said of Scottish psychology is true, we may expect its humour to be of a peculiar kind. I believe that this is true. Like his other bodily and mental powers, the Scotsman's humour acts slowly. It has to come from the deeper levels of his mind. He "jokes wi' deeficulty." This is because his affections have somehow to be moved. Wit may spring from anything, even from hatred. A Scotsman's hatreds (and God knows he has a wheen of them) are too serious for joking. On the other hand, humour can only spring from affection. This is why so much of it in Scotland is expended upon ministers. There is no country in which the ministry on the whole is more beloved. But there is also no country in which more stories, often profane enough, are told of ministers.[1]

Another often discussed national trait of the Scot at home and abroad is his frugality—to give it here no harder name. Again, we might say that a nation that has produced a Carnegie, a Gifford, and a hundred other princely benefactors, cannot be without some innate liberality. There are, of course, mean people in Scotland as elsewhere. But it may be the very hatred

[1] These are always accumulating and await some pious Scot who would collect and issue them as a sequel to Dean Ramsay's famous treasury. As a single contribution to his collection I give him the reply of the old woman to her minister's Monday reproof for sleeping in church the previous day, ending, "Mind, Mrs. McGregor, there will be no sleeping in Hell." "A' weel, Sir! but it'll na be for want o' meenisters."

that the Scotsman has of the vice that leads him to pillory it wherever he sees it. It certainly is true that the stories that get about and are familiar in every smoking-room are usually traceable to Scotsmen themselves. In reality such national frugality as forms the basis of them is the result partly of the real poverty out of which the nation has struggled, partly of a sensitiveness to the real value of things—a sense of what money has meant in the earning, whether to oneself or to others—often, like the "caller herrin'," the lives of men—and for what purpose money is there at all. It is the frugality that lives hard that the children may go to school and college; the frugality that, when they get there, lives on kippers and oatmeal in order that the younger ones may follow on; that spends little on rent and clothes and table that there may be more for books and pictures and travel. There was as much wisdom as wit in Sir Harry Lauder's reply to the man who asked "how the Scots came to be so close-fisted": "Man, it's a gift."

I should like to carry this rough analysis one step deeper. Would you know what a people really is? you must find what its religion is. And would you know what its religion is? you must find what it is in which it believes most profoundly. There is one thing in which all Scotsmen in their heart of hearts believe, under whatever form that belief expresses itself, namely, the existence of a moral order in the

world. Underneath the apparent indifference of the world-process to moral values, they believe that the good and the right are in the end in safe hands. In all the changes that religious belief has gone through in Scotland, this has remained sure and central. In our own time it has been expressed and given world-wide currency more forcibly by the Scottish Carlyle than by any other writer. It is R. L. Stevenson's "ultimate decency of things," which, he tells us, he would believe in "tho' he woke in Hell." I will not dwell on the question of its truth and significance for the religious life of the world in general. What it means for ordinary life, and for Scotsmen in particular, is a certain loyalty to ordered progress. The Scot, wherever he is, believes in betterment, the improvement of himself and his surroundings. But he seeks it through loyalty to what has already been achieved and respect for the law and order already established. It is this that makes him a good settler and colonizer wherever his lot may be cast. Nowhere is he a rebel, everywhere he is a reformer. It was an Irishman who, on arrival on a strange island, asked, "What is the Government? because I'm agin' it." The Scot asks: "What is the Government? because I am for it—so long as it behaves itself." Scotland is the "land o' the leal." Wherever Scotsmen settle they bring a bit of that land with them.

These are, I believe, the main things that go to make Scottish nationality. In all the changes the

nation has gone through they show no signs of dying out. So long as they endure, the Scottish will be a corps in the advancing army of humanity with or without political independence. Whatever the place of his settlement, whatever his political adhesion (and this, without loss to his real nationality and in a really peaceful world, may be anything; here it is only natural and right it should be American), whatever his gear and his social position, all these things will be but the guinea stamp, the Scot will be the Scot for a' that.

XII

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S BIRTHDAY[1]

When asked to speak on Sir Walter Scott this evening I was puzzled by the date. Everybody knows that Sir Walter was born on the 15th, not the 16th, of August, 1771. My first thought was that perhaps so great a man needed several days to be born, and that we were celebrating the conclusion rather than the beginning of the event. My second thought was of the day of the week, and I remembered that the 15th was Sunday, and that the true explanation was that Scotsmen in San Francisco, as elsewhere, keep the Sabbath as well as (as my old Glasgow Professor used to say) everything else they can lay hold of. Anyway, Sunday or Monday, it is all the same so long as we honour it. If we are not to say the better the day the better deed, we can, at any rate, say the better deed the better day. My only doubt is as to my own ability to rise to the occasion. My one qualification is that I have been a reader of Scott from my childhood. Apropos of our own Sabbatical scruples, I can remember when I was a boy being reproved by a Presbyterian aunt when

[1] Given at the St. Andrew's Society, San Francisco, August 16, 1926.

she found me deep in Scott one Sunday with the words that the great novelist "was doubtful reading any day, but not to be thought of on the Sabbath."

Last time I addressed the St. Andrew's Society I spoke of the things that went to make a nation, quite independently of its political status. I mentioned its traditions, the love of its soil, mountain or plain, sea-land or inland, its language and accent, its national traits of character. But I mentioned as the greatest of these its literature. It is familiarity with this and pride in it as a great inheritance that is the deepest bond of all. The British Isles are especially rich in this great source of unity—perhaps it is at this moment the chief bond that unites the English people. Rudyard Kipling in his recent address on the occasion of the presentation to him of the medal of the Royal Society spoke of this sense of wealth as resulting in a curious wastefulness. The nation can afford to neglect and has consigned to oblivion vast treasures of finely wrought work in the literature of every period, selecting only the best for immortality. This I think is true, and there remains in English literature, for more leisurely and scholarly generations, great stores of almost unexplored, certainly unexploited, wealth.

What is true of England is even truer of Scotland, both as to richness and wastefulness. Relatively to the size of the countries, she has contributed more than her share to the common stock. And as to neglected

treasures, though I have little right to speak, whenever I have adventured beyond the beaten tracks into the byways of Scottish literature I have been struck by the fact that the great names are only those of the highest peaks of a whole range of others, which if the highest were removed would still be great and the sources of great delight. Saving in other things, we have, like our neighbours, been wasteful here.

All that I have been saying of our literature in general is true of Sir Walter Scott in particular. More than any other, he is the great bond of the Scottish race throughout the world. The only other name that can compare with his is that of Robert Burns. I am not going to institute any comparison between them. What is perhaps true of them in this connexion is that as regards extent Scott has done for the country of Scotland as a whole what Burns has done for Ayrshire, and again, that Scott did for all classes of Scottish society what Burns did for the Lowland peasantry; while as regards intensity, the opposite would have to be said. To pass from Burns to Scott is here like passing from a rushing, often turbulent mountain stream to a broad, quiet lake. Critics have questioned the depth of the water of the lake. Wordsworth said of Scott that "he never touched the immortal part of man," and Carlyle of his characters that "they were drawn from the skin inwards." If the soul of a people, as of an individual, is the immortal part—its braveries and

loyalties, its hatreds and affections, its grimnesses and its humour, its faith and the religions that go along with these—Scott surely has not only touched, but gone to the depths of the Scottish soul. And as to his characters, Carlyle's criticism might pass with regard to many of his heroes and heroines, though it is only partly true even of these; it is not true at all of his Monkbarnses, his Baillie Nicol Jarvies, his Dominie Sampsons, and a score of others of whom a Scottish audience does not need to be reminded. Whether Scott will hold the heart of mankind in general as long as Burns may be a question, but as Andrew Lang quotes: "They cannot say but that he has had the crown," and whatever we say of the reading public in general, he will hold the hearts of Scotsmen for all time, and will hold them together.

From Scott, too, we may illustrate Kipling's reflection about waste. We select him, and of course rightly, as a massive sunlit peak, to the neglect of others whose very names perhaps have perished in our generation. I read in my youth the novels of Miss Ferrier, *Marriage*, *Inheritance*, *Destiny*, and more recently the tales of John Galt, *Annals of the Parish*, *The Provost*, and others—both contemporaries of Scott, both spurs, we might say, of the same range. But how many Scotsmen read them, perhaps even know their names to-day? Of Scott himself how much we have scrapped! Not to speak of his poetry, how many of his twenty-eight

romances are familiar even to Scotsmen to-day? Only a few of the greatest: *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *Redgauntlet*, perhaps *The Fortunes of Nigel* and *Quentin Durward*. Yet what a mass of fine romance lies behind these, of which we might say (as of Scottish literature as a whole compared with that of any country of equal size, ancient Attica and mediæval Florence always excepted), "Surely the gleanings of Ephraim are better than the vintage of Abiathar."

Whether what we now recognize as the vintage in Ephraim will become only gleanings, or, as we may hope, what are now gleanings will be gathered and treasured along with the vintage, the future only can decide. Perhaps it does not very much matter. But there is one thing about Scott that has too commonly been neglected for what has seemed the greater glory of his literary work, yet that it would be the sheerest waste ever to let die—the greatness of the man himself. It is for this reason that I have selected it as the special subject of the few words I am addressing to the St. Andrew's Society this evening.

All the Lives of him, from Lockhart's downwards, not least of them Andrew Lang's more recent sketch, emphasize this. A friend here told me the other day of a visit he had paid to Abbotsford. Talking of the place afterwards to the landlord of the inn in the neighbourhood where he was staying, he was told, "Yes, Sir! the

man is over it all." What is true of Scott's home is true of all his ways and works: "the man is over them all."

Over all was his universal sympathy. It came out, of course, in his writing: in his power of entering into the minds of his characters, drawn from all classes and ages, monarchs and courtiers, knights and vassals, masters and servants, wise and simple, lawyers, ministers, dominies and baillies. But it came out more vitally still in the life of the man. "He spoke to every man," one of his own servants once said, "as though they were blood relations." We might add of women that he spoke not only to but of every woman, according to her age, as though she were his mother, wife, or daughter. It was hardly different with his dogs, the pig that was accepted by them as an equal, his favourite cat Hinsa that followed him on his walks, and even the sentimental hen that attached herself to him. There is a story told of Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, the author of *Rab and his Friends*, that might have been told of Scott. One day a friend driving with him and noticing him peering round, asked him if he saw a man he knew. "No," he said, "but I thought I saw a dog I didn't know."

Such was the man in private. In his public relations he was the very spirit of honour. The courage with which, refusing all "accommodation" with his creditors in the latter years of his life, he faced the task of paying them to the last penny, is one of the great and true

romances of Scottish literary history. I doubt if it can be paralleled in any other. And to mention only one more of the characteristics which were outstanding in the public man, there was his generosity to his contemporaries, in such marked contrast to so many of the "irritable race" of poets and writers, not to speak of the treatment he himself received from some of them. His remark about Byron, "He beat me," and his generous recognition of the merits of his great rival, are well known, but they were only a single instance of the simplicity and sincerity with which he carried even in the most difficult of fields the gospel injunction, "Let each esteem other greater than themselves." When we think of all this, we might even be inclined to say that his literary name is but the guinea stamp, "the man's the man for a' that." At any rate, it is Sir Walter Scott the man that, if I were calling for a "Recht guid williewaught," instead of delivering a dry speech in a dry land, I should pledge this evening.

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